

# SPIRIT

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### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

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#### EFFRONTERY.

I HAVE often wondered how Jack L——, the attorney, got on in the world ; for, to me, his character does not appear to possess one redeeming quality. Every body calls him a liar, a cheat, a rascal ; yet every body associates with him : he is welcomed even at the houses of the fastidious, and his parties are always filled at home ; business pours in upon him from all quarters ; and, lastly, he has married a woman of high reputation and respectability. Surely there must be something very fascinating in his manners and address—he must, at least, be a complete gentleman. No : his person is any thing but prepossessing ; his manners are disgustingly familiar and boisterous ; and his conversation abounds in slang and profaneness. How, then, does he get on ? Why is not every door shut against him ?

Effrontery—Effrontery is the talisman to which he owes his success ; it is the “*Open Sesamé*,” which admits him into good society. If he in any way appeared to condemn or to be ashamed of himself, he would be shunned like a common swindler ; but he puts a bold face on all his actions : he talks so openly of drinking, gambling, and cheating, that he seems to take as much pains to convince the world that he is an adept in all three, as any other man ever took to conceal his vices.

He catches strangers completely by surprise ; they know not what to make of him : in fact, he manages his part so well, that while he is in reality playing off his true character, he appears only to be acting ; and I have heard

many a one say of him, after a first interview, I believe Jack is a good-natured fellow at bottom. He was once employed in a suit against his own father ; and so unblushingly did he talk of the matter, that it did not lose him a single acquaintance or friend.

Though Jack began the world pennyless, he is now a rich man. Those who were cheated by him last year—though they abuse him, to be sure—still seem willing to be cheated on, and Jack proceeds in his career as boldly as ever.

This character, I am afraid, is not an uncommon one ; at least, innumerable varieties of it are to be met in our intercourse with society.

Throughout life, it has been a subject of surprise to me, how those bold spirits succeed in obtaining their purposes, even with each other. It corroborates the justice of Hudibras's observation—

“That the pleasure is as great  
In being cheated, as to cheat.”

In fact, people in general seem ever ready to be imposed on by those who possess dauntless effrontery. I knew an instance, not long ago, of a man who was absolutely concerned in defrauding another of ten thousand pounds ; yet, so boldly did he maintain his own character, and utter self-evident falsehood upon falsehood, that his very victim (a man by no means devoid of common sense,) was, the following year, not only ready to enter into fresh engagements with him, but even, on one occasion, accommodated him with letters of recommendation to the Continent.

L—— is another personification of Effrontery, though in a smaller way. It is the very height of his ambition to be thought to mingle in the society of people of rank ; and no stone does he leave unturned to attain his end. Besides the old trick of bowing to every coronet that he meets, &c. he professes to be intimately acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, and half the celebrated authors of the day ; and, to bear himself out, he has bought expensive editions of their works, which he shows about as the gifts of the writers, having

their names inscribed on the title-pages. He meets with hundreds who are simple enough to swallow all his boastings, and who, in their turn, boast of his acquaintance.

In fact, the instances of effrontery which crowd upon me are almost innumerable. I am often amused at the various forms which it is capable of assuming ; and shall perhaps, on some future occasion, again endeavour to amuse the Fire-side by some more illustrations of the subject.

### EVERY BODY'S COUSIN.

(From the French.)

**I** HAVE just had an additional opportunity of proving the accuracy of observation which distinguishes Picard's comedy. I was present at the celebration of a marriage, which was to be followed by a grand feast at one of the most celebrated taverns in the capital. The number of relations (thanks, probably, to this latter circumstance) was very considerable. Among them I observed one whose conduct might have served as a model. He was dressed in a suit of black, and had a collected air, with a smile playing upon his lips, and appeared to be inspired by a general benevolence. At the moment of going into the sacristy, he offered his hand to a respectable grand-aunt of the bride's, who was quite charmed with a courtesy to which she did not appear to be accustomed. On entering the carriages to repair to the feast, he again gave his hand to the old lady, and afterwards seated himself beside her at the banquet. At table he seemed perpetually engaged. Full of attentions to his neighbour, he found means not to forget himself, although he undertook to carve several of the principal dishes. At the dessert, he sung some couplets on marriage, which seemed to have

been composed for the occasion ; he drew the cork of the first bottle of Champagne ; he it was who first drank the health of the young married folks ; he fastened one of the bride's favours at his button-hole ; in short, after having charmed the whole company by his affability and good-humour, he took leave when the gaming tables were brought. "My love," said the bridegroom to his young spouse, "I am delighted in the acquisition of a relation so amiable as the gentleman who has just quitted us." "My dear," replied the lady, "it is an acquisition which I value the more, as I am indebted for it to you." "What ! is not this polite gentleman your cousin ?" "On the contrary, I thought he was yours, and it was on that account I was so impressed with the civilities which he exhibited towards me." An explanation between the two families proved that this every body's cousin was nobody's cousin ; but as, after examination, none of the spoons or shawls were missing, the company laughed heartily at the adventure, and resolved that, under similar circumstances, they would call over the names of the party before going into the dining-room.



(Blackwood's Edin. Mag.)

## SPECULATIONS OF A TRAVELLER CONCERNING THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES : WITH PARALLELS.\*

**P**ERHAPS the best way after all, of making any two people thoroughly acquainted with each other, is to run a fair parallel between them wherever it can be done—with a firm hand, a clear head, and a steady eye. One simple fact brought home upon us unexpectedly, will often do more than volumes of abstract propositions.

But, in running a parallel of this kind, one should be perpetually upon his guard, or he will wander into poetry and exaggeration. The desire of doing a clever or a brilliant thing—of being lively, smart, and entertaining, is exceedingly prone to interfere with plain matters of fact. But, where national fellowship is concerned, the simple truth is always better than pleasantry, and caricature, however rich and humorous it may be, is entirely out of place. Broad, absolute nature, although it may be, sometimes, offensive, is never so very offensive as affectation.

The language of an American will not often betray him; that of an Englishman will; so will that of a Scot, or an Irishman, unless he be of the highest class, when his English is often remarkable for purity.

But there are no provincials in the United States. The Yankees, who inhabit the New England States, (Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Maine,) differ, it is true from the southern people, and the latter in their turn differ from the western people; but then it is only in a few words, the whole of which might be enumerated in half a minute; and in a strong nasal tone, common to a part of the New England population. But for these few words, and this tone, the people of any one state in the Union might become incorporated with the people of any other,

five hundred or a thousand miles distant, without being known for strangers. And, as it is, the native of any one state can travel from one end of the Union to the other, thousands and thousands of miles, not only without an interpreter, but with a tolerable certainty, if he desire it, of passing, in every state, for a citizen of that state. An Englishman who has no strong provincial dialect, and no very peculiar pronunciation, may pass in the same way, without suspicion, over the whole of the North American States.

A fact like this cannot but make a strong impression upon us. The best of English, we all know, will not carry a man far, in the British Empire. To a large proportion of the people, it would be wholly unintelligible; and to another large proportion, a sort of dialect.

He who would travel comfortably, for three or four hundred miles, in any direction, from London, should understand many languages and many dialects. But one language, if he speak it tolerably, will carry him all over the North American States; and, in some cases, without permitting him to be known for a stranger.

The country people of New England—the Virginians and the Kentuckians, who are the posterity of the New Englanders—have a disposition to sound the vowel *a*, like the Scotch and Irish; and, in some cases, like the Italians, without any variation of tone.

Thus, they say chamber, and even<sup>2</sup> chamber. The first habit prevails among the Yankees; the latter, among the Virginians. So, too, the Virginian<sup>2</sup> will say bar<sup>2</sup> for bear; har<sup>2</sup> for hair; stars<sup>2</sup> for stairs.

A Yankee will say, I guess; or, sometimes, though very rarely, I cat-

\* [We continue these extracts to show the opinions entertained by well-informed foreigners respecting America, as well as to laugh at our own portraits;—but as to the truth of *some* of the sketches, they border upon caricature, and we must dissent to their faithfulness. It seems impossible for travellers wholly to divest themselves of partiality for their own country, and to view all others through any other lens than the haze of prejudice.]

culate, but *never* I reckon. A Marylander and a Virginian will say, I reckon—sometimes very oddly, as thus: “Do you visit Mr. Jefferson, before you leave the country?”—“I reckon.” But a Virginian was never known to say, I guess, or I calculate. A Tennessean or Kentuckian will generally say, I calculate; seldom, I guess; and hardly ever, I reckon. These words, in fact, are the distinguishing marks of three different divisions of the American people.

Hence the absurdity of those representations, however humorous they may be, which put all these phrases, and others that resemble them, into the same fellow’s mouth. And hence is it, that an American who goes to see Mr. Matthews, although he may laugh as heartily as another at his drollery, is laughing at a kind of drollery which our countrymen do not perceive. Mr. M.’s Yankees come from no particular part of the confederacy; and are, evidently, “made up,” at second hand, with two fine exceptions, of which I shall hereafter take some notice.

But how would a native of Great Britain relish a character that should come upon the stage kilted; with a shamrock in his hat, a shillelah in his hand, a leek in his button-hole, or a piece of toasted cheese and a red-herring in his pocket; swearing alternately by St. Patrick, St. Andrew, St. David, and St. George; and speaking a gibberish made up of Scotch, Irish, and Welsh, interspersed with provincial and Cockney phrases?

And yet that is precisely what has been done by those who have been employed in getting up brother Jonathans for the English market. They have jumbled everything together, true and false—all the peculiarities of all the different people—and called the composition a Yankee.

In almost every book of travels, play, novel, and story, if a New Englander be introduced, he is generally made to do the most absurd things—for a New Englander; things that are hardly less absurd than it would be for an Irishman to wear a Scotch dress, talk Yorkshire, and swear by St. David.

The character of the American seems generally to have been manufactured at leisure, from the materials collected by other people, in any way, at any time. Thus, the dialogues of Mr. Fearon—although there is a great deal of truth in his book, notwithstanding what the people of America may say to the contrary—are evidently made up from story-books and vocabularies. And the representations of Mr. Matthews are so full of blundering, with two exceptions, that, had I not met him in America, I should, on seeing his performance, really doubt if he had ever been there; so little is there in his “trip to America,” of that extraordinary truth and richness which characterize his trips to other parts of the world. He himself would seem to be aware of this, because he introduces, under one picture and another, three Frenchmen, one Irishman, one Dutchman, one Yorkshireman, and sundry other second-hand characters, for which he had already been celebrated.

But there are two fine exceptions in the entertainment of Mr. Matthews. The story of “Uncle Ben” is inimitable—and the sketch of the Kentuckian is masterly. They are two of the most legitimate pieces of sober humor in the world, for one that knows the American character. But then the first—the story about “that are trifle,” is an American Joe Miller. Mr. Jarvis, a portrait painter of New York—a man of remarkable power and drollery—is the person of whom Mr. Matthews had it—as well as that story of General Jackson. The Review is an old story in this country; and the Dutch Judge is from Judge Breckenridge, originally one of the most “genuine” story-tellers that ever lived. His only son, Henry M. Breckenridge, a judge of Louisiana, and author of the “Views of Louisiana,” inherits a large portion of his father’s extraordinary talent; and has made this very story, which he tells better than Mr. Matthews, as common in America, as any anecdote of Foote or Sheridan is in this country.

Nevertheless, the finest parts of the Kentuckian’s character, and those which are the most severe, because



they are the truest, may be safely put down to the credit of Mr. Matthews himself. They must have been drawn from life. *They* were never made out at second hand; or got up, in a solitary chamber, out of novels, newspapers, and books of travels, as nine-tenths of the rest of his "trip to America" are.

Thus, nothing can be truer or bolder, than the canting of the Kentuckian about the "land of liberty—where every man has a right to speak his genuine sentiments"—and where, *therefore*, he is free to offer "fifty-five dollars for that are nigger"—being determined, beforehand, if he should be cheated, to "take the balance out of his hide." Nothing can be more resolute and cutting than this. The Americans deserve it; and I am exceedingly mistaken, if they would not immediately acknowledge the truth of it. The worst fault of Mr. Matthews, apart from his absurd credulity—is the tameness of his caricatures.—They want spirit; but perhaps that is not wholly unaccountable, since it is believed that he intends to "settle" in the United States. And yet there is bad policy in such dauntiness. The Americans would respect him a thousand times more, if his whole entertainment were as true—however severe it might be—as are the two sketches alluded to.

It is a common thing, in the United States, to hear a high-spirited Virginian, or Carolinian, declaiming about Liberty, as if he were inspired, in the presence of his own slaves, a part of whom bear an alarming resemblance to the white children of the same family, upon whom they are waiting, perhaps, at the time, in a state of the most abject and pitiable submissiveness—within hearing, it is ten to one, of the overseer's lash—or the cries of some poor fellow undergoing punishment—and the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, superbly framed, hanging up in front of him—while he is holding forth—wherein it is proclaimed to all the nations of the earth—that "*all men are born free and equal!*"

There is no exaggeration, therefore, in the character of the Kentuckian—boastful of Liberty; and speculating,

at the same time, in the flesh of his fellow-men, with a heartless and abominable indifference, at which I, for one, cannot laugh, notwithstanding the drollery of the picture; because I know it to be true.

But, a word or two of Brother Jonathan's "lingo." We laugh at him for pronouncing genuine, as if it were written genu-wine, forgetful of the fact, that the common people of England very generally say appo-site, giving the same sound to the vowel *i*; and that our public speakers, perhaps without one exception, say hostile, instead of hostil. We wonder, also, at the absurdity of the Yankee "had ought, and hadn't ought," which, after all, are not only pure English, like 'I had rather,' but in common use here, particularly about Coventry; and, in strict analogy with every other language, wherein the verb *to owe* can be found.

We chuckle at his "I guess," "considerable," and "pretty particularly,"—overlooking the fact, that guess is true old-fashioned English, for which "I presume," "I fancy," "I imagine," "you know," &c. &c. are awkward and feeble substitutes; that "darnation" is common through Kent; that "guess" in America, is never used so absurdly as people say, hardly ever at the end of a phrase; and that "pretty particularly damned," and all such phrases, are only a sort of Yankee, or Kentucky, flash language; so little known throughout the country, that multitudes in every direction have probably never heard, and would not understand it. It is, in fact, the slang of story-tellers.

We wonder, also, that the Yankees never give a direct answer; that they always reply to one question, by answering another; that they never say yes or no; and that they always begin their answer with some superfluous word.

But all these things, it should be remarked, are common to every people, polite or barbarous. Put what question you will, to a well-educated man or woman; and, whatever people may say to the contrary, you will rarely get a direct answer; and never, unless they are angry, or in haste, as direct an answer as might have been

given. Ask a well-bred Englishman, if you shall help him from a dish before you; and what will be his reply? Will it be yes or no?—or, will it, in truth, be capable of any grammatical interpretation, as a reply? Is it not—"I thank you"—"much obliged to you," or something of the same sort? So, a Frenchman will say "*bien obligé*," or "*mercie, monsieur*;" a German, "*Ich danke ihnen*," each and all seeking to avoid the rudeness of saying, directly, yes or no.

Ask an Irishman the way to St. Paul's, and his reply will be, "Is it St. Paul's ye'd have?" Put the same question to a Scot, and his reply will begin with, "Aweel?"—accompanied with a look, or word, or tone of shrewd interrogation. And so it is, in fact, with every people, particularly if they are sagacious, social, or situated in a part of the country where a stranger is rarely seen. Every one will have his money's worth. If he give information, he will have information in return.

As a people, take them altogether, the Americans talk a purer English than we—as a people. But then, there are not many Americans, who either speak or write so good and pure English, as multitudes of our countrymen do.

Let us not arrogate too much, however, our speakers are far from being scrupulously correct, either in language or pronunciation, let them take what authority they will. They, like our writers, are in the habit of coining and manufacturing words at pleasure; and some of our critics have more than once mistaken for Americanisms, pure old English, or English that had been sanctioned by our poets, (the worst authority, by the way, in the world, because the poets are, by inclination, habit, and necessity, the most licentious in the use of words;) and omitted by Dr. Johnson, or forgotten by ourselves.

Thus they have quizzed the Americans over and over again, for using the verb *to improve* (as it is the fashion to call such combinations,) in the sense of the words *to use*. It sounds very oddly to our ears, when we hear a New Englander talk about improving a house, when he only means to

occupy it. But the New Englander has a higher authority than is generally known, for this—no less than that of Alexander Pope himself, who says, while speaking of a lady at a theatre, that—

"Not a fan went *unimproved* away."

Let us farther recollect, that our spoken language, and our written language, are two different things. Our English, when written, is the same, throughout the whole British empire; but, when spoken, it varies at almost every furlong. In America, it is not so. The same language is both written and spoken, in the same way, by the same people.

I shall now run a short parallel between the Americans and the English. We are an old people. The Americans are a new people. We value ourselves on our ancestry—on what we have done; they, on their posterity, and on what they mean to do. They look to the future; we to the past. They are proud of Old England as the home of their forefathers; we, of America, as the abiding place of western Englishmen.

They are but of yesterday as a people. They are descended from those, whose burial places are yet to be seen: we, from those, whose burial-places have been successively invaded by the Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, until they are no longer to be distinguished from the everlasting hills.

As a whole people, the Americans talk a better English than we do; but then, there are many individuals among us who speak better English than any American, unless we except, here and there, a well-educated New Englander; and a few eminent public speakers, like the late Mr. Pinkney, who was minister to this Court; and Mr. Wirt, the present attorney-general of the United States, who will probably succeed Mr. Rush in the same capacity; and, then, there are a multitude among us who speak a better English than is common among the well-educated men of America, although they do not speak the best English, such as the few among us do.

I have heard a great deal said about the habits of cleanliness in England



and America ; and I have sometimes laughed very heartily at the reciprocal prejudices of the English and American women.

I have heard an English woman complain of a beastly American for spitting into the fire : and I have heard an American woman express the greatest abhorrence of an Englishman, for spitting in his pocket-handkerchief ;—or, for not spitting at all, when he happened to mention that well-bred men swallowed their saliva. A spitting-box is a part of the regular furniture of every room in America, although smoking is now entirely out of fashion there.

An American will not scruple to pick his teeth or clean his nails, if he should think it necessary—anywhere, at any time—before a lady. An Englishman would sooner let them go dirty.

An American never brushes his hat—very rarely his coat ; and his hair, not once a-week. An Englishman will brush the first with his coat-sleeve, or a silk handkerchief, whenever he puts it on or off : and the two latter, every time that he goes out. The American is laughed at for his personal slovenliness, in England, and the Englishman for his absurd anxiety, in America. Such is national prejudice.

The Englishman is more of a Roman ; the American more of a Greek, in the physiognomy of his face and mind ; in temper, and in constitution. The American is the vainer ; the Englishman, the prouder man of the two. The American is volatile, adventurous, talkative, and chivalrous. The Englishman is thoughtful, determined, very brave, and a little sullen. The Englishman has more courage ; the American more spirit. The former would be better in defence, the latter in attack. A beaten Englishman is formidable still—A beaten American is good for nothing, for a time.

The countenance of the Englishman is florid : not sharply, but strongly marked ; and full of amplitude, gravity, and breadth ; that of an American has less breadth, less gravity, less amplitude, but more vivacity, and a more lively character. The expression

of an Englishman's face is greater ; that of the American, more intense.

In the self-satisfied, honest, hearty, and rather pompous expression of an English face, you will find, when it is not caricatured, a true indication of his character. Other people call him boastful, but he is not. He only shows, in every look and attitude, that he is an Englishman, one of that extraordinary people, who help to make up an empire that never had—has not, and never will have, a parallel upon earth. But then, he never tells other men so, except in the way of a speech, or a patriotic newspaper essay.

And so, in the keen, spirited, sharp, intelligent, variable countenance of an American, you will find a correspondent indication of what he is. He is exceedingly vain, rash, and sensitive : he has not a higher opinion of his country, than the Englishman has of his ; but then, he is less discreet—more talkative, and more presumptuous : less assured of the superiority, which he claims for his country ; more watchful and jealous ; and, of course, more waspish and quarrelsome, like diminutive men, who, if they pretend to be magnanimous, only make themselves ridiculous ; and being aware of this, become the most techy and peevish creatures in the world.

The Englishman shows his high opinion of his country by silence ; the American his, by talking : one, by his conduct ; the other by words : one by arrogance, the other by superciliousness.

The Englishman is, generally, a better, braver, and a nobler minded fellow, than you might be led to believe from his appearance. The face of an American, on the contrary, induces you to believe him, generally, a better man than you will find him.

But then, they are so much alike ; or rather there are individuals of both countries, so like each other, that I know many Americans who would pass everywhere for Englishmen ; and many Englishmen who would pass anywhere for Americans. In heart and head, they are much more alike, than in appearance or manners.

An Englishman, when abroad, is

reserved, cautious, often quite insupportable, and, when frank, hardly ever talkative; not very hasty, but a little quarrelsome nevertheless: turbulent, and rather overbearing, particularly upon the continent. At home, he is hospitable, frank, generous, overflowing with honesty and cordiality, and given to a sort of substantial parade—a kind of old-fashioned family ostentation.

But the American is quite the reverse. Abroad, he is talkative, noisy, imperious; often excessively impertinent, capricious, troublesome, either in his familiarity, or in his untimely reserve; not quarrelsome,—but so hasty, nevertheless, that he is eternally in hot water. At home, he is more reserved; and, with all his hospitality, much given to ostentation of a lighter sort; substitute—finery and show.

An American is easily excited; and of course, easily quieted. An Englishman is neither easily quieted, nor easily excited. It is harder to move the latter; but once in motion, it is harder to stop him.

One has more strength and substance; the other more activity and spirit. One has more mind, more wisdom, more judgment, and more perseverance, the other more genius, more quickness of perception, more adventurousness.

The Englishman's temper is more hardy and resolute; that of the American more intrepid and fiery. The former has more patience and fortitude, the latter more ardour. The Englishman is never discouraged, though without resources: the American is never without resources, but is often disheartened. Just so is it with the female character.

An American woman is more childish, more attractive, and more perishable: the English woman is of a healthier mind, more dignified, and more durable. The former is a flower—the latter a plant. One sheds perfume; the other sustenance. The Englishwoman is better fitted for a friend, a counsellor, and a companion—for the mother of many children, and for the partnership of a long life. But the American woman, particularly of the south, is better fitted for love than

counsel:—child-bearing soon destroys her. A few summers, and she appears to have been born a whole generation before her husband. An Englishwoman has more wisdom; an American more wit. One has more good sense; the other more enthusiasm. Either would go to the scaffold with a beloved one: but the female American would go there in a delirium; the Englishwoman deliberately, like a martyr.

And so, too, is the American to be distinguished from the Irishman. The Irish are a gallant, warm-hearted, headlong people; eloquent, feeling, hasty, and thoughtful; great dealers in the superfluous. So are the Americans. But, then, the feeling of the Irish, like their eloquence, is rich, riotous, and florid; while that of Americans is more vehement, argumentative, and concentrated. The declamation of the American is often solemn and affecting—often too dry for endurance; generally too cold and chaste for enthusiasm; and sometimes exquisitely extravagant.

The Irishman is a hurrying, careless, open-hearted fellow, as likely to do wrong as right, in a moment of exultation. But nothing can be more tiresome than the pleasantries of an American, when he feels disposed to be very facetious. There is nothing of that voluble drollery, that uninterrupted flow of sentiment, fun, whim, and nonsense, in his talking, which we find in that of an Irishman at such a time.

The chivalry of an Irishman has a headlong fury in it which is irresistible. It is partly constitutional, and often miraculous. But it differs about as much from the chivalry of an American, as that does from the deep, constitutional, collected bravery of the Englishman, or the profound strange fervour of the Scot.

An American would make a dozen fortunes while a Scot was making one; but then the American would often die a poor man, over head and ears in debt—the Scot never. An American finds it harder to keep a fortune, a Scot harder to make one.

A Scot would do the same thing over and over again all his life long,



to obtain a competency for his children. An Irishman would sooner be shot at once a-week at the distance of ten paces. An American would do neither; but, if there were any new worlds to explore, or serpents to catch, that would 'pay well,' he would go to the bottom of the ocean after them in a contrivance of his own.

Everybody has read of Smollet's Irishman, who desired his companion, while he knelt down, and hammered the flint of his pistol, which had missed fire, to "fire away, and not be losing time;" and everybody has acknowledged, that, whether true or false, it was perfectly natural; but could only be believed of an Irishman.

So, too, it is told of an Englishman, that his house having taken fire—containing all he was worth—finding that he could be of no use in putting it out, he went, and sat down upon a neighbouring hill, and took a drawing of it. Such a story would never have been invented of an American.

And so, too, the well-known anecdote of the young Scot, whose coolness in such an emergency, is a capital specimen of the moral sublime—"Whare are ye gangin, lad?"—"Bock again." Nothing can be more absolutely Scotch. I would trust to it in the hottest fire of another Waterloo.

But I know something of an American quite as characteristic—"Can you carry that battery, sir?" said an American general to Colonel Miller, in the

heat of battle.—"I'll try—" and the battery was immediately carried at the point of the bayonet.

But, in this answer, there was not a little of that affectation of Spartan dryness which I have often met with in the Americans. Commodores Perry and Macdonough gave a fine specimen of it in their official communications; probably thinking of Lord Nelson's despatch from Trafalgar.

Not long since, I met with an amusing example of this national vanity of which I have been speaking in the Americans. General Jackson was one of the candidates for the presidency. The papers were ringing with his name; and, go where I would, in some parts of the country, I could hear nothing but what related to the "hero of New Orleans."

Among others, a German undertook to convince me, that, if General Jackson should become President of the United States, his name alone was so terrible to the rest of the world, that they would have nothing to fear in America. I remember his very words, "*So gross*," said he, "*ist der Ruf seines namens, durch die ganze zivilisirte welt, dass keine nation es wagen würde uns zu beleidigen, wenn er am Ruder des staats stünde!*"

Let it be remembered, that, in drawing this parallel, I have only given the general character of an Englishman and American. Exceptions, of course, continually occur. X. Y. Z.

#### THE MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER BOY.

MY child was beautiful and brave!  
An opening flower of Spring—  
He moulders in a distant grave,  
A cold, forgotten thing—  
Forgotten! ay, by all but me,  
As e'en the best beloved must be—  
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

Methinks 't had been a comfort now  
To have caught his parting breath,  
Had I been near, from his damp brow  
To wipe the dews of death—  
With one long, lingering kiss, to close  
His eyelids for the last repose—  
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

I little thought such wish to prove,  
When cradled on my breast,  
With all a mother's cautious love,  
His sleeping lid I prest—

Alas! alas! his dying head  
Was pillow'd on a colder bed—  
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

They told me vict'ry's laurels wreathed  
His youthful temples round;  
That "Vict'ry!" from his lips was breathed  
The last exulting sound—  
Cold comfort to a mother's ear  
Who long'd his living voice to hear!—  
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

E'en so thy gallant father died,  
When thou, poor orphan child!  
A helpless prattler at my side,  
My widow'd grief beguiled—  
But now, bereaved of all in thee,  
What earthly voice shall comfort me?—  
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

*Blackwood's Ed. Mag.*

## THE HEIRESS OF FALKENSTEIN.

(La Belle Mag.)

**P**ILE above pile arose the snow-crowned Alps; the desert waste, in sublime but appalling grandeur, presented one unvaried hue. A dazzling whiteness overspread the surface of the earth, an image of beauty and of desolation. The brilliant colouring of the glacier was buried beneath a fleece of newly-fallen snow, the mountain torrent was hushed into silence, and where of late the stream had gurgled lay a sullen column of ice. The very air was frozen, and not a passing breath indicated that nature was awake: her operations seemed for awhile suspended, as though she had yielded her dominion to the chilling hand of death. It appeared as if no living thing could exist in a wilderness so dreary, a region so cold and cheerless: the bear lay close in his den far below this deserted eminence; it was high above the haunt of the wolf, and even the chamois had withdrawn to a distant lair; but the horrid stillness was broken by the hoarse scream of a vulture, which, perched upon a rock in the scent of blood, anticipated her foul repast, and, toiling up the winding path, her keen eye tracked a knight on horseback. The jaded charger stumbled at every step, whilst the rider looked round in search of some human habitation, and ever and anon cast his eyes upon the earth, despairing that the exhausted strength of the animal he rode would bear him to the haunts of men. Paralyzed by cold, and overcome by fatigue, the wearied creature paused; its feet seemed rooted to the spot, and, incapable of farther effort, it remained immovable. The knight dismounted. "Faithful companion of my exile!" he exclaimed, "my last and truest friend, I must leave thee here to perish. Thou art unequal longer to wrestle with the death that awaits thee, and perchance at a few yards distance from thy lifeless corse I also shall meet the destruction that threatens to be inevitable. Ill-omened wretch!" he continued, "in vain dost thou whet thy beak, and snuff with grim delight the tainted air; I will de-

prive thee of thy promised prey. At least, my gallant steed, this hand, which has so often curbed thy generous pride, shall preserve thy body from pollution until the fast-approaching storm shall cover thee with its dreary winding sheet, and hide thee from the devouring fiends of this lone wilderness." Then, darting a javelin at the vulture, she fell, shrieking, from the rock, and dyed the snowy surface on which she rested with her blood.

The knight speeded onwards, and, armed with courage and resolution, he for some time manfully surmounted the difficulties which opposed his progress: but the density of the gathering clouds increased, and a heavy fall of snow added to the perils which surrounded him. Still he persevered, but he began to feel sensible that his strength was flagging fast: a few more efforts, another struggle, and he must sink overpowered upon the frozen earth. "Holy St. Francis!" he exclaimed, "I thank thee, that, since my death is decreed, thou hast not permitted me to fall by the hand of my enemies. Oh, I had dreamed of triumphs and of victory over yon false and faithless crew. Visions of glory, ye are fading fast! Another and more fortunate competitor shall—but away with earthly hopes and mundane expectations; my hour is come, the saints whom I have served receive my soul!" Again he strove to advance, but he was compelled to relinquish the attempt, and in another moment his wearied limbs lay stretched upon the snow. For a short time he retained a consciousness of his situation, but oblivion rapidly approached—his senses and his breath failed him, and he became inanimate as the rocks of the surrounding wilderness. Life, however, was not yet extinct; the lambent flame still played about his heart, like the last flickering of a decaying lamp, and the dog of the desert, that most affectionate and intelligent friend of the human race, guided by the exquisite sense with which the lavish



bounty of nature has provided him, made his way through the drifting snow to the spot where the stiffening body reposed. This canine preserver was followed by an aged but athletic man; the dog scraped away the snow from the traveller, and his companion chafed the cold forehead, and applied a strong cordial to the lips. This timely aid aroused the fainting spirits of the knight: revived by the draught, and reanimated by the warmth imparted by his welcome visitors, he was soon enabled to proceed to the friendly shelter which they offered. Leaning on the arm of the hermit, for such he seemed, and following the sagacious brute who could alone discern the proper path, he soon arrived at a romantic dwelling, wherein the ingenuity and labour of man had combatted successfully with the hostility of the clime, and where comfort smiled in despite of the devastation which reigned without.

It was not, however, until the succeeding day that the tempest-beaten wanderer discovered all the charms of his asylum. The hermitage was spacious, furnished with many of the luxuries of a splendid though rude age, and well supplied with food and fuel. A stout female peasant of the mountains, the dog, the old man, and a fair young girl, delicate and tender as the zephyr which wantons over an eastern vale, were the sole inhabitants. Carloman, the rescued knight, beheld this lovely vision with amazement: though clad in a simple dress, and sequestered in the wildest and most unfrequented haunts of the snow-crowned Alps, she wore the impress of nobility upon her brow, and her language and demeanour forcibly assured the admiring stranger that in her he saw no obscure or low-bred personage. The accomplishments of knighthood were evident in him, and there needed no question to convince his hosts that he came of honourable lineage. It was seldom that so distinguished a pair had met in such an humble residence, and Carloman felt an anxious desire to learn the cause which had deprived the glittering circle of a court of the

noble maiden so well calculated to adorn the splendid scene.

When the occupations of Michael were over for the day, and he was at liberty to attend upon his guest, he invited the knight to take a seat beside the blazing hearth. Adelheid had already drawn towards the fire, and Carloman wanted no other inducement to accept the offered chair which was placed opposite to so much beauty. "Sir Knight," said the hermit, "though living in this lone spot, and encountering the fury of the elements rather than the tyranny of man, we are not uninterested in the passing events of the world below us. You appear to be late from Germany, our native land; what tidings do you bear concerning the state of the empire?" "The friend of peace," returned Carloman, "as I infer from your habit, you will grieve to learn that the wildest anarchy prevails in the distracted country I have left." "Then," said Michael, sighing, "Lodowic, the tyrant of Bavaria, has effected his ambitious purpose." "By treachery and force," responded the knight, "by secret machinations and open rebellion, he has forced the Emperor Wenceslaus to fly; usurping the supreme authority, the electors who refuse to lend their sanction to his elevation are kept in close confinement, and threatened with death." "And where," cried Adelheid, "is the noble and the good Wenceslaus? the liege Lord of Germany, in what country has he found an asylum?" "Gentle lady," replied Carloman, "an outcast and a fugitive, the few friends whom his misfortunes have left him know not at this moment whether he be alive or dead." "Alas, father!" said Adelheid, "although I might well disregard my own sorrows in sympathy for the deeper calamities which have befallen our illustrious monarch, yet will a selfish anxiety intrude. Shall I be safe, even amid these rocks and everlasting snows, from the now widely extended power of the inhuman Lodowic?" "Our retreat," returned Michael, "is, I trust, a secret, nor can the ambitious tyrant of the hour

be so securely seated on a throne as not to find sufficient employment for his time and thoughts in his own immediate affairs. We are in all probability forgotten amid higher cares." "Thou too then," said Carloman, "art a sufferer from this bold abandoned man?" "His ward," replied the hermit; "her trusting father left her an orphan to his care: he abused the trust, and would have forced her to wed a menial whilst he secured her wealth. Though young and almost friendless, she disdained the sacrifice. Resentment at her disobedience to his commands determined him to effect her ruin; and, to rob her of her life, he preferred a malicious charge against her, absurdly accusing her of a design to poison him: though it would have been easy, before an unprejudiced tribunal, to vindicate her innocence, yet, surrounded by creatures devoted to her guardian's will, her only chance of safety rested in immediate flight. An old, an humble, yet a faithful servant of her father, I became the happy instrument to effect her deliverance from persecution. The jewels which decorated her person sufficed to purchase the comforts as well as the necessities of life, and here we hope to remain unmolested until the fall of the villain Lodowic shall enable the heiress of Count Falkenstein to assert and recover her rights."

It was many days ere the inclemency of the season would permit the knight to depart. Deeply interested in the fate of the charming Adelheid, he entreated to be allowed to wear her colours; and never had the hours speeded so rapidly with the fair exile, as when Carloman, seated by her side, related the dangers he had passed, the scenes he had witnessed, and the deeds of martial valour which he had seen accomplished. He sang to her the songs of Italy; in that chill region of eternal frost she felt the influence of its sunny skies and laughing vallies; and, though her lips refused to give utterance to the wish, her heart whispered the exquisite felicity which might be found in some vine-sheltered cottage, deeply embowered 'mid the clustering Appe-

nines, where, remote from grandeur and from wealth, love should rear an altar and a throne. She knew not, she inquired not the prospects of Carloman; but her own inheritance, the wide and rich domain of Falkenstein, she would gladly relinquish for so sweet a home, if his bright smile and tender glance were beaming there. At length came the hour of parting: a thousand promises of a quick return were breathed by the stranger knight, a thousand vows of eternal constancy were returned by the weeping maiden. Carloman pursued his journey, and Adelheid was left to experience all the miseries of solitude. For the first month she was absorbed in pleasing recollections of past delights, every word that he had spoken was treasured in her memory, and fancy brought him again to her side: the next was filled with joyful expectations of his speedy arrival; but as week after week wore away, and he came not, the sickening pang of hope deferred subdued the buoyancy of her spirits, and she became a prey to gnawing grief. No longer able to divert her mind by her wonted occupations, she wandered about like a spirit of the mountains, as fair and as fragile as the frozen mist which a breath might dissolve. The agonies of disregarded and unrequited love were not, however, the only miseries she was destined to endure. The hermitage was invaded by a hostile crew; her faithful attendant, Michael, was slain at her feet; and the shrinking and defenceless victim was borne by armed men from her Alpine retreat, and hurried to the banks of the Rhine, where a vessel was stationed, destined for the city of Worms, in which she was compelled to embark. It was here that the usurper, Lodowic, held his court; and within its gloomy towers the hapless orphan committed to his care anticipated perpetual imprisonment. She had, however, too highly exasperated the savage heart of the tyrant by her flight, for him to rest satisfied with what he deemed so light a punishment. Without comprehending the extent of his designs, she had evaded



them by withdrawing from his castle : his brutal soul had felt the power of her charms, and the possession of her lands contented him not. Unskilled in the softer arts, he resolved to force her to purchase her forfeited life by compliance with his wishes ; and to apprise her of the extent of his power and the extremity of her danger, he determined to convict her in an open court.

The great hall of the palace, misnamed of justice, was thronged when the gentle Adelheid was led to the judgment-seat of Lodowic of Bavaria. Friendless and forlorn, her fair hair hanging dishevelled over her shoulders, and mingling its silken tresses with the white folds of her flowing veil, she stood alone in the midst of a crowd of armed men, and listened in fearful amazement to the charges which were brought against her. The mockery of a trial was soon concluded. Accused of a conspiracy and attempt to murder, of leaguings with traitors and rebels, the imputation was sufficient when the sovereign will was known. Adelheid was found guilty, but, ere the passing of her sentence, her judges inquired of her whether she had aught to say in her defence. Adelheid looked anxiously round the assembly ; the love of life, the apprehension of personal violence, swelled her heart with an earnest desire of preservation ; her eyes glanced wildly from stranger to stranger, and just as she was withdrawing them in despair from that cold and heartless multitude, they caught the azure-tinted scarf which she had wound round the arm of Carloman. It streamed from the shoulder of a knight, and, clasping her hands, she advanced a step, exclaiming, "I demand a champion !" In an instant the armed warrior who bore the silken token darted into the centre of the floor, and, flinging his gauntlet on the ground, offered battle in the cause of Adelheid de Falkenstein, to any and to all who dared accept his gage. Lodowic gazed upon this unexpected defender with a gloomy eye, and giving a sign to one of his hardiest retainers, Philip Swartzburg, of the

crimson plume, commanded his esquire to take up the glove. The heralds prepared the lists for the encounter, and, hushed into deep silence, the numerous spectators awaited the termination. The struggle was deadly, and its event for some time doubtful. The most intense and eager interest prevailed, for many were touched by the youth and beauty of the fair Adelheid, whilst Lodowic and his infuriated partisan were devoured by inward rage, since they had deemed not that any present would venture to espouse the quarrel of one who, it was evident, had incurred the resentment of the powerful. Alarmed lest this bold example should be followed by others, in defiance of his acknowledged will, Lodowic resolved at any risk to crush the unknown champion. He watched for some manifest advantage on the part of Philip to put an end to the battle ; but the knight of the blue amulet allowed not his adversary to gain the ascendant ; and at the moment that he himself had nearly wrested the sword from the hand of his antagonist, the tyrant suddenly commanded the heralds to interfere and adjudge the victory to the crimson warrior. A low murmur of indignation ran through the hall at this infringement of the laws of chivalry. "Treason !" cried Lodowic ; "What, ho ! my guards ! secure the leader of yon factious crew." The ready instruments of the usurper's will advanced, but the knight, planting himself in an attitude of defence, and raising the vizor of his helmet so that the noble lineaments of his countenance were exposed to view, exclaimed, "On your allegiance, hold ! My friends ! my subjects ! 'tis Wenceslaus, your sovereign, commands. Now, now is the fitting time to drag the enslaver of Germany from his ensanguined throne, and wrest the sceptre of its ancient kings from his unrighteous hand. He tramples on your rights, wreaks his accursed will on helpless woman, and denies the warrior the privileges of knighthood. Come on, all ye who love your suffering country, and I will break its

chain!" The cries of "Long live the rightful emperor! the elected of the nobles!" resounded through the hall. Swords were drawn and weapons clashed; a brief and murderous combat ensued; the blood of Lodowic dyed the floor, and his ermined mantle was soiled by the trampling feet of an exasperated multitude; but Adelheid heard not the shouts or the loud acclaims of victory; she saw not the fall of her prostrate foe, and the triumph of virtue and Wenceslaus; for the moment that her listening ear drank in the fatal words which, in her lover, had revealed the emperor of princely Germany, her heart sank; she saw at one glance the immeasurable distance which had suddenly arisen between them; and, unable to bear the idea of losing the beloved object who even now had testified the purity and the fidelity of his affection, she fell insensible to the ground.

The newly-restored monarch pursued his triumphant course to Ratisbon. Adelheid, by his tender assiduities, recovered her health, and to all appearance her happiness. She made one of the brilliant procession which ushered in the sovereign to this renowned city, and conducted by her royal lover to a mimic Eden, she lived surrounded by all the luxuries which wealth could purchase or fancy invent. Smiles sat on her lips, but weight oppressed her soul. She could not but feel and express joy at the happy fortune of one so dear, and who so well deserved the throne which he had reascended; yet anxiety concerning her own fate destroyed her heart's repose—for, what was she to hope? and could she dare aspire to share the crown of an anointed king?

Thoughts and anxieties of a similar nature frequently passed across the mind of Wenceslaus. The time had been when perchance he might have bound the fair brow of the woman of his choice with an imperial diadem; but now that his authority was not firmly established, even if he should refuse to be guided by the advice of his counsellors, who urged him to strengthen his power by a foreign alliance, ought he to hazard the effu-

sion of blood for the gratification of his own wishes, offend his people, and raise up enemies by a match unequal and perilous in the present situation of affairs? He knew the disinterestedness of Adelheid's attachment, and he hoped that she would be satisfied with the impassioned devotion of his heart, nor wish to involve him in the horrors and the crimes of a civil war occasioned by a selfish determination to consult private feelings rather than the welfare of the state committed to his care.

Adelheid's suspense was not of long continuance. Depending upon a woman's weakness and a woman's love, Wenceslaus ventured to propose a union sanctioned only by the heart. More grieved than offended, she could not but see the impossibility of surmounting the obstacles which opposed her lover's wish to share his empire with her, yet was she not for one instant tempted to accept the offered alternative. The mildness of her rejection inspired him with hope that time and assiduity would overcome her scruples, whilst the generosity and fervour of his affection might have given an ambitious mind a strong expectation of securing its object. Adelheid was not quite proof against this feeling, but she too soon became aware of the inevitable ruin she should heap upon one so fondly beloved should she succeed in persuading him to adopt a measure that would irritate the whole of Germany against him, and she ceased even to wish to become his wife. Seated in the marble halls of the palace, where ten thousand perfumed tapers poured their blazing effulgence upon richly-wrought tapestry and columns of burnished gold; listening to the choral swells and dying falls of instruments and voices exquisitely mingled and harmonized, the thrilling harpings of the silver-stringed lute, and the winding melody of the oboe; surrounded by glittering cavaliers and lovely ladies moving lightly and gracefully in the dance, herself the object of an emperor's warm devotion, Adelheid felt the difficulty of denial and the danger of her situation. But, if amid



the splendours of a brilliant and crowded court the task were hard, how much more fortitude did it require to resist the pleadings of Wenceslaus, when, wandering together through the pleached alleys of her stately garden, where the moonbeams played coldly over the flushing blossoms, and only the murmur of a distant waterfall broke the delicious stillness of the night, he besought her to sacrifice the opinion of a rigid world to one who was ready to hazard his throne if she required so dangerous a proof of his affection? She wanted strength to resist the temptation, and she determined to fly from it for ever. Adelheid quitted the enchantments which threatened to enslave her, and sought an asylum in a convent.

This precipitate step deeply offended her lover. Stung with resentment, yet convinced that the tender creature, whose whole soul was centred in him alone, would soon repent her abandonment of his society, and pine for a renewal of that sweet intercourse which had formed their mutual happiness, he resolved to leave her to the solitude she had chosen until her own weariness should induce her to comply with his solicitations. Neither was he alarmed at the intention she expressed to take the veil, though his anger was kindled by what he deemed to be a threat, and with the pride of man he trusted to the year's probation. Adelheid was not unconscious of the danger of delay. Her struggles had been painful, threatening even the destruction of a life so little adapted to the endurance of tumultuous conflicts; and lest she should have striven in vain to obtain the victory over the secret wishes of her soul, she privately solicited a dispensation from the Pope. There were many of the princes of the empire, who, dreading the power of her charms upon their sovereign, encouraged her in her determination, and aided her in her plans; and so well were their measures taken, that the awful ceremony which was to separ-

ate her for ever from the world commenced ere Wenceslaus was apprized of the intended sacrifice. Crowned with flowers, decorated with jewels, and clad in a glittering robe, the self-immolated victim appeared before an admiring yet pitying multitude. Nothing of external pomp was omitted by the members of the church to give effect to the scene. Long processions of veiled nuns trod the vaulted aisles; the officiating priests were decked in splendid vestments; clouds of incense were wafted from golden censers; and the solemn peal of the organ came mixed with seraphic voices hymning songs of praise. Yet, though the influence of these powerful stimulants was felt, the votary alone enchained the attention of the gazing crowd. She was pale even to the paleness of Parian marble, but the tint of the rose was not required to perfect beauty so dazzling and so delicate. Her eyes had lost their radiance; yet in their melting loveliness they seemed softer, sweeter far, than when they darted beams like the stars of heaven.

Firmly adhering to her high-wrought purpose, though her quivering lip betrayed the emotions of her heart, she performed her allotted part with dignity, until the sudden arrival of the emperor disturbed the serenity of her brow. He had hastened to the church, and, forcing his eager way to the steps of the altar, he stood aghast at the near completion of her vows to heaven. Shorn of her bright tresses, her costly ornaments and roseate wreaths scattered beneath her feet, she gave to him and to the world a last fond look, then raised her eyes to heaven, and, falling prostrate on the floor, the attendant priests spread a pall upon her recumbent form. After the lapse of a few minutes they removed the sable and ominous covering; but Adelheid stirred not, breathed not, and a wild cry from the surrounding ecclesiastics announced to the gasping multitude—that she was dead.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

### THE HIGHLANDS AND WESTERN ISLES OF SCOTLAND.

BY JOHN MACCULLOCH, ESQ.

OUR friend Dr. Macculloch is a never-failing source of amusement to us. By the by, we do not believe, though the ominous *Mac* is prefixed to his name, that he is a Scotsman; for, if he had possessed either-nationality or clanship, he never could have drawn such pictures of bad inns and clumsy Highland gardening as our last *Gazette* exhibited. Nevertheless, the Scots may think of the old saying, "*Fas est ab hoste docere*;" and in this hope we add some of the author's accounts of Thurso, and the mode of stabling and grooming horses in that part of our Island called Caithness.

"Thurso harbour is a very indifferent one. The town itself is sufficiently respectable, and the situation is not unpleasing: but why should I trouble myself to describe Thurso, when you will find it all in the Book. Where you may also find, for aught I know to the contrary, how, when the people, in the time of Alexander II. complained of the oppressions of their bishop to the Earl of Caithness, his Lordship replied in a pet, 'go and see the him, and sup him too if you like;' on which they put the unlucky prelate into a kettle, and made him into soup. - - -

"I was bound for Houna Inn. Houna Inn was the hotel and ferry-house for Orkney: there was a beautiful little circle in the map, marked Houna Inn, it was next door to John o' Groat's house, and every one spoke of Houna Inn, and Houna Inn was to be the end of my labours, and my horse had eaten nothing since he had left Tongue, and myself little more, and I expected a hotel like Quillac's. But the road was expended and gone. 'Where was Houna Inn?' 'There.' I saw six or eight black cottages scattered about the intermingled waste of corn and sand. I arrived at the worst of the whole. It was impossible it could be Houna Inn; the hotel and ferry-house to Orkney; the hospitium of those who may be detained a week for a fair wind; the beautiful little circle in Mr. Arrowsmith's map. I rode up to the door, and the dreadful

truth, as the novelists say, burst on my sight. To the door—neither man nor beast ever rode or walked to within five yards of the door of Houna Inn. He who would learn to value the blackest house that ever Ross and Sutherland saw, must come and sojourn among the Catti; let him come to Houna Inn. The ditch that surrounded it was broad, and liquid, and black; how deep it was I know not, for it had never been fathomed. My pony backed from it instinctively, worse than he would have done from a Sutherland bog. Three huge lumps of stone formed the access to the door: it was even difficult to step on them without falling in; but he who had fallen in would never have come out again to reveal the secrets of the deep. If I was the Earl of Houna Inn, I would blow it up, for my own credit.

"I fear we must give our Ostermanish ancestry the credit of this method of fortification, for I have seen the same in Shetland. If so, the much-abused Celts must have been a polished people in comparison; for, with the one exception of old Stornaway, no species or variety of Highland midden that I ever saw can be compared to Houna Inn.

"The affection of a farmer for his dunghill is pardonable; but, in a state of civilization, it is treated, like his cattle, not as his bosom friend: squared and dressed, and trimmed, as is just; and then consigned to its proper station, not admitted into the secretiora consilia; far less into the bosom of the family. In genuine Caledonian land, 'the sappy midden' is an object of far warmer affections; exhaling its 'steam of rich distilled perfumes' to the morning and evening nose, and occupying the place commonly reserved for the less profitable odours of the rose and honeysuckle. A few proprietors have lately attempted to get rid of this ornament, by compelling the small tenants to remove it from their doors; and where this had been attempted, I remember one 'town' where an old lady boasted 'that she had cheated the laird,



as she had ta'en the midden into the house.' In the old village of Stornaway, the inside of the house is the natural and hereditary place of the midden; but were I to tell you how it is accumulated and managed, I should tell a tale little fitting for delicate ears and noses. *Pauca verba*, as Pistol says. In St. Kilda, the same manufacture is also carried on in-doors, but with some comparative regard to decency; as the floor is only strewed with the daily ashes of the fire, among which the relics of fish and birds, and other '*varia materia*,' are suffered to accumulate, till, the depth becoming inconvenient, the Augean heap is carried off to the field, to make room for a new stratum. If we except the pig, man appears to be the only animal who is naturally fond of dirt, and in whom cleanliness, whether of person or dwelling, is matter of compulsion or effort. But I should beg the pig's pardon for the debasing comparison; since he is solicitous about the cleanliness of his nest, at least.

"The stable at Houna, considering that it contained nothing at all, had no positive demerits: a rare case, I must admit. But if, after describing Mrs. Maclarty's kitchen, and after breakfasting, dining, and sleeping at her hotel, I were not to lead you into the stable of a Highland inn of this class, I should be unjust to the fair sex; as it must be supposed that this department, however indirectly, is under the control and management of Mr. Maclarty, not of the lady. If you should succeed in reaching it, it must be through a pool of mud and water, and other indescribables, and it will be fortunate if there are some stepping-stones for yourself: more fortunate, if your horse does not trip on them, and souse you with the perfumes of this moat. If he is a tall horse, not understanding architecture, he will knock his head against the door-way; and if you have the misfortune to carry a portmanteau, as may happen to single gentlemen, he will stick in the passage, and pull off the straps, which there is no saddler to mend. When you get in, you find two or three holes in the wall, for the sake

of ventilation; so that, on Mr. Colman's system, he cannot catch cold. If you do not keep an eye on him, you will shortly find him swilling water out of a bucket, or in the nearest river; and the next morning he is foundered; and so are you. When he does want water, as there is seldom a pail, he is dragged out by the mane to this river; and if he breaks his knees among the rocks and stones, he is used to it; or else his fraternity is; which is the same thing. It is reckoned politic here to suffer the mud to dry on his legs: and to pick or examine his feet would be troublesome. If the thatch is water tight, so much the better. A hayloft is a luxury: and as there is no stable lantern, the hay hangs down among the loose boards upon the candle; but, being damp, there is no danger. The boy goes up to stir it about, and you are covered with dust and chaff. So is the horse: and as he is not wiped down, and there is no horse-cloth, that helps to keep him warm. Since the Scottish reformers pulled down the stalls in their churches, they have probably thought them unnecessary in their stables; but a few saddles and pikes and poles and wheelbarrows and horse-collars, with a stray pig, a hen and chickens, and a calf, serve, at the same time, to wedge him up, and to prevent him from being dull. It is likely that you will object to the society of half a dozen sharp-horned stirks and stots; but what then? If you think it prudent to tie him up, under these circumstances, or because the house is filled with Highland ponies justling and squabbling and kicking in every direction, there is no halter. You may use your bridle, which he will break; or if you insist on a halter, a rope will be found before to-morrow, and made fast round his throat with a slip-knot; so that it is not unlikely you will find him hanged the next morning. If there is a manger, probably the corn is put into it: but it is either full of holes, so that the oats run through, or so high that he cannot reach them. If there is a rack, the hay is thrown on the ground: which is a great saving; because he will spoil half of it, and

that will serve for his bed. That, with his own produce, is probably the only bed he will get; but, being added to the former beds of former horses, it serves to keep him moist and cool. You begin by giving him hay; but as it is made of musty rushes and other matters, he refuses to eat it, expecting corn. But if you begin with corn, as that is musty too, he waits for the hay. It is probable that he will determine which is worst when he is hungry enough. A Highland ostler of this family is a great enemy to false delicacy: therefore begin your journey by bronzing your stirrups and bridle; it will save remonstrance. When you are about to depart in the morning, you must not be in haste; because your horse is neither fed nor watered, nor is likely to be, until you do it yourself. If he is a grey horse, you will find that he is turned green; and as he will become greener every day, since a curry-comb was never heard of in Mr. Maclarty's stable, the prudent thing is to paint him green before you begin. A whisp of straw might have been substituted, you will think, for the curry-comb: but the knave trusts that the next shower will do as well. The mane, of course, is matted by the fairies; for how else should it have become so inextricable that the fingers of this bare-headed kilted callan will not make it lie in any direction—even in a wrong one? If he possessed the luxury of either kind, it is probable he would use the one to straighten his own locks, and the other to claw his own hide. When your saddle and bridle are to be put on, you will find that they have been lying in the dirt all night, as there is no peg to hang them on: and, in a well-regulated stable, it is held matter of policy to keep some wild colt or filly loose, who walks about in the night, trying to purloin the hay and corn of his neighbours, having none of his own; so that, if you sleep near it, you are regaled with quarrelling and kicking and stamping all night. But it is time to lock the stable door: yet not till you have paid the breechless lout as much for doing nothing, as, in London, would have polished horse, bit, and stirrups, to the lustre of the

planet Venus; and twice as much for musty husks and mouldy rushes as would have procured all the luxuries of Mark-lane and the Haymarket."

This is, no doubt, extremely facetious; but one does not well know how much to take for fact and how much for fancy, amid the exaggeration. At this place, the Doctor goes on—

"I had almost forgotten that I was near John o' Groat's house, when I was reminded of it by a fisherman who wanted a shilling. When we came to John o' Groat's house, behold, like the lover's tomb at Lyons, no house was there. Who was John o' Groat, where did he live, what did he do, where was he born, married, or buried, when did he build the house, when was it pulled down, who had ever seen it, whose grandfathers and grandmothers, whose great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers had ever seen it. Nobody knew any thing, nobody had heard of any thing, except that a piece of green turf, as flat and as bare as the back of my hand, was John o' Groat's house. Why did they believe in John o' Groat; what did they believe of John o' Groat; who had told them of John o' Groat, and of John o' Groat's house; their godfathers and their godmothers. I congratulated myself that I had not come from London to see John o' Groat's house. If the tomb of Ajax and the tomb of Achilles, the *Æantion* and the *Achilleion*, had been no more than John o' Groat's house, Jacob Bryant would have had a better reason than he has ever yet shown for doubting of the war of Troy.

"Fame is a strange, capricious, unjust, unaccountable dame; not a whit more honest and reasonable than her sister Fortune. But of all her vagaries, the immortalization of a hero and a house that never existed is the foremost. After all, it is of no great consequence; for I dare say that Ajax and Achilles have fully as little enjoyment of their tombs in the Troad and their deeds in the *Iliad*, as John o' Groat has of his house and his fame on the coast of Caithness. It is all, equally, nothing. But you and I must be great noodles to be labouring for fame, each in his several vocation, for post-



humous fame too, when here is a name more immortal—at least than mine will be, without any trouble; and only a name; an immortal name without an owner; a vox et præterea nihil, which will nevertheless be heard of as long as that of Erostratus or of Empedocles. - -

“As Wollaston said long ago, it is now only the five letters of Cæsar’s name of which we know, and which we admire; and those of John o’ Groat’s are as substantial.”

Pass we to another of the Doctor’s adventures while navigating Loch Broom.

“In the night (he tells his friend Sir W. Scott) I was roused by a great weight, tumbling, with vast commotion and outrage, into my birth. Concluding, very logically, that the ship had gone to pieces, I put out my hand in some alarm, and laid hold of a pair of horns. Half asleep, I thought I was already in the hands of Davy Jones; and both Davy and I were soon upon the cabin floor. It proved to be a goat, which the men had brought on board that we might be sure of milk for our breakfasts. Unluckily, when it came to be milked, it was discovered to be a he goat; such was the pastoral knowledge of our boatswain. The animal had found the deck cold, and had scrambled down the companion ladder, whence he thus proposed himself for my bedfellow. A bedfellow in a birth ought, however, to be somewhat more choice; as there are no means of lying “*extrema sponda*,” if you chance to disagree. Milk, of course, we obtained none from our horned friend; but he paid his passage, and his diet too by his harlequin tricks. His diet, it is true, was rather heterodox; as it consisted, except on holidays, of kippered salmon, brown paper, old hoops, carpenter’s chips, and pig-tail tobacco. The paper was plundered from my specimens; but the depredations on the fish became so serious, that we were obliged to hoist them into the shrouds out of his reach. His system of diet was somewhat extraordinary, it must be owned; but as the universal scavenger, at least of the vegetable creation, the goat seems to outdo even the hog. Indeed I never could discover any thing which our bearded companion would not eat, ex-

cept oakum, which always puzzled him. Nature has been very ingenious in inventing some animal or other to devour every thing, as if eating was the sole purpose of creation; to eat and to be eaten all the business of the universe: and if, as Mr. Humboldt says, (*credat*), the Gourmets of the Oroonoko live on clay, as we of the Thames and the Tweed do on beef steaks and “singit sheep heads,” I do not despair of yet hearing of some creature who may feed, like the ostrich, on a compote of horse shoes and tenpenny nails, or perhaps on purees of gray-wacké and granite. This most amusing and docile and intelligent of all the four-legged tribes has now, however, become rare in the Highlands, being rather suffered than encouraged. The Caprine population here, as in Wales, has undergone the same revolution which it experienced in former days at Capri. The gentlemen of Leeds have been the Tiberiuses of the bearded race, finding that it was all cry and little wool. In those happy days when the beaux and the dandies emulated lions in the length of their manes, when the gallant Lovelace could pathetically complain to his mistress that he had been obliged to wring the dews of the night from his wig, the goat received that respect which the persistence of his buckle merited, and bounded from rock to rock, nourishing his length of hair and careless of future shaving. But now, alas! their friends are all concentrated behind the bar and on the episcopal bench; and the wisdom of a few hundred Welsh beards is sufficient to clothe with sapience all the skulls which flourish in the several departments of Westminster. Such are the catenations of political economy. Often, in contemplating my friend Pogonatus, did I figure to myself the quirks and crotchets, the doubtings, the decisions, the special pleadings and replies and rejoinders and rebutters, that lay perdue under his shaggy coat, while he was unconsciously chewing his quid; only waiting for the fingers of the barber and a few yards of silk, to blaze forth in forensic fire or suffocate us in the murky obscurities of causistical smoke; to empty our purses

without filling our heads, to get possession of our lands, and to bind us within the magic circle of that court which was unquestionably projected by Methuselah, when men 'were secure that

their lives would endure for a thousand long years.' ”

With the fearful sound of the last two words in our ears, we again bid the learned and jocular Doctor adieu.

(Mon. Mag.)

#### THE MISCELLANY.

##### INDIA-RUBBER BLOW-PIPE.

**T**HE blow-pipe having become so interesting and important an instrument for experimental purposes, it may not be unacceptable to receive an account of a means of constructing self-acting blow-pipes of India-rubber, capable of affording a strong and uniform stream of air, during twenty-five to sixty minutes, according to the size of the jet. Select at a stationer's bottles of India-Rubber, varying in weight from half to three-quarters of a pound, preferring those of a dark hue; a strip of which, when pulled out, so as to become very thin, is almost transparent; and avoid those bottles of a browner colour, a strip of which cannot be pulled out so thin as is mentioned above without breaking. The bottles selected are to be boiled in water until quite softened, which usually occurs after a quarter of an hour's boiling. A short brass tube, having a stop-cock on its middle, and a screw-tap adapted to screw into a condensing syringe at one end; and having, near to the other end, a milled projecting rib outside, provided for each bottle; and, when these are cooled after the boiling, the ribbed end of a tube is inserted into the neck of each India-rubber bottle, and is firmly secured there, by lapping strong waxed thread above and below the rib.

The tube of one of the bottles is now screwed to the syringe, and air is forced in; after a few strokes of the syringe, a blister-like projection will be observed to form on that part of

the bottle which is the thinnest: and, as the forcing-in of air is slowly continued, the blister will be seen to enlarge, until it extends over the whole surface, and the bottle will usually then have acquired a diameter of fourteen to seventeen inches: in this state, the blow-pipe bottle being completed, it is unscrewed from the condenser, and the jet-pipe is screwed on in its place; and now the blow-pipe is ready for use; and immediately, on turning the stop-cock, the elastic contraction of the bottle will force out the air in a strong and steady jet, as has been mentioned above, which will continue until the bottle is reduced to about double its original size; when the condenser may be again applied, and the bottle be again distended as before, unless that several bottles have been prepared and charged at first, as is mentioned above. When no longer wanted, the bottles should be emptied of their air, and so may be kept for any length of time ready for charging; only observing, that if at any time a bottle has lost its pliability, and become hard by keeping, it must be immersed for a short time in boiling water before applying the syringe. The great portability, and the length and steadiness of action, of this blow-pipe, are its great recommendation: it may be used with any of the gases, even explosive mixtures of oxygen and hydrogen, the accidental explosion of which would merely burst and destroy the bottle, without occasioning further mischief.

Z. A.

##### PAVING OF STREETS—MACADAM'S ROADS, &c.

Granite stone, which is used for paving cart-ways of streets, is the hardest and most durable material which can be generally used; but the unevenness of the pavement, and the expense of keeping it in something

like order, are the great objections to the present pavement. Could it be kept as even as when first laid, no better road could then be made in narrow streets, whence there is much traffick.



The new system of breaking large stones into small pieces, will not do so well in confined streets, where there is much traffick, for the frequency of opening the ground to repair pipes, would always keep the road in a state of old and new, or firm and loose. Not only that, but if not kept wet the dust would be a greater annoyance than the present rough pavement.

What makes the present paved streets the most objectionable, is, that they are continually in a state of hills and holes. The pavement does not become so from wear; the stones have not wore away, for you may invariably see, in every street where there is much traffick, that about a week or two after new pavement is done, it is as uneven as almost any of the old.

Now this I think, may be remedied by a more careful and judicious mode in arranging and squaring of the stones, and in fixing them down. In the first place, the present way of arranging them is, to put together little and big ones, just as may happen; one may be twelve inches in length and the next one only six. The one which stands only upon six inches of ground, will sink further in with a heavy weight than the other, which stands on twelve inches.

In the second place, there is not much attention paid to the squaring of the bottom part, or bed of the stone. Now, suppose two stones to be together of an equal size, the one quite square, or flat, at the bottom, and the other to be pointed like a wedge, would not an equal weight on the top press one further into the earth than the other?

In the third place, the present way of fixing them down is, first, to loosen the ground on which they are to be fixed. If one of them should be much deeper than another, then to scratch away the loose ground, so as the top

of the stone may be fixed even with the others. If another should happen to be not so deep as the general run, more loose ground is to be added, so as to raise it up to an equal level. Then comes the rammer to beat them down firm: a slight blow sinks the stone which has the most loose dirt under, and it takes, perhaps, three or four heavy ones to knock down the one which has little or none under it. Now, with an equal weight on these, for instance, a loaded waggon, will not the first stone which has had but a slight ramming sink much more than the other? Why, in fact, the present system of paving is nothing more than putting the ground into a hard and soft, or hills and holes, and placing stones upon it to prevent our seeing or believing that it is so.

Now, the amendments in paving which I suggest, are first, to leave off ramming the stones, and to ram the ground instead on which the stones are to be placed to precisely the same form that you intend the top of the pavement to be; second, to place together all the stones which are exactly of one size; fourth, the bottom, or bed, to be perfectly flat or square; then set them on this hard-rammed ground, and you will seldom see paving in hills and holes.

For example, suppose that such squared stones were placed on the top on any good hard road without at all loosening of it, would not the pavement be firmer and less likely to sink in holes than if the ground were pecked up and the stone rammed? Recollect, the knocking of them down does not make them harder; it is only done to make the ground harder on which they stand. Surely, then, it would be more effectually done by beating it down hard before the stones are put upon it.

Aug. 11, 1824.

#### ANTI-ANIMAL SOCIETY.

A new society of Christians has been formed at Manchester, one of whose tenets is *to abstain entirely from every kind of animal food*, which they consider themselves bound to do, from their particular interpretation of the command, "*Thou shalt not kill.*"

One curious thing has resulted from this carcinophobia of new Christians, which ought to be recorded. They have all found their health, strength, and intellect improved by the new regimen, which many religious persons have ascribed to the Divine fa-

your as a reward for their conscientious abstemiousness, but which physiologists more rationally attribute to the curative effects of a natural diet, and the temperance it necessarily entails in other respects.\* The society is said to be rapidly increasing, and when we reflect on the blood-thirsty character of most sects of fanatics, we may rejoice that there is at least one

sect whose tenets are unconnected with cruelty. They form a good antithesis to the savage acts of the infernal mode of expelling the devil, resorted to in Ireland. We have lately heard an authentic account of a young woman who sacrificed her own aged grandmother, killing her herself, as a sort of expiation: this happened near Geneva, and not long ago.

### THE SEA-MARK.

*From the German of Goethe.*

DARK on yon ancient turret stands

A hero's shade on high—

Who as the vessels sail beneath,

Thus bids them oft good bye :

“ These sinews once were strong and bold,

My swelling heart was up ;

And there was marrow in my bone,

And liquor in my cup.

“ And half my life I chose the storm,

And half in ease to dwell ;

And you, blithe ship, and you, blithe crew,

Be glad to do as well.”

### NEW SPECIES OF ANIMAL.

Mr. Marion has found in the island of Manilla, a species of reptile, of the family of the Agamoides, which has the faculty of changing colour, like the cameleon. Its head is triangular, pretty large in proportion to the body ; the tail long and slender ; along the back, the crest or rid is formed of soft scales, and under the throat is a goitre. The feet have toes detached, and very unequal ; the scales are mostly triangular, imbricated and especially those of the tail. The iris is blackish, bordered with a little white circle about the pupil. The animal is very active, and feeds on insects. When the author first came into possession of it its colour, for 24 hours, was a delicate green, whether held in the dark, or exposed to the sun,—

whether kept motionless, or in a state of agitation : but next morning, on removing it from the inside of a bamboo, where it had been placed, its colour throughout had changed to carmelite ; when exposed to the air, this colour gradually disappeared, and the animal resumed its green robe. On this ground, certain brown lines were soon after visible : the animal was then replaced in the bamboo, but, on drawing it out, it had acquired a blueish-green colour, and it was only in the open air that the brownish tints returned ; and at length, without any variation of form or position, the brown colour gave place to a uniform green, intermingled, however, with some brownish streaks. When laid on green or red substances, no grain of colour was observed.

### PASTEBOARD ANATOMICAL FIGURES.

Mr. Auzoux, a young physician of Paris has invented a method of studying the anatomy of the human body superior to that by any imitation with wax. The flexibility of the wax renders it fit to represent the surface of

objects ; but, the interior parts, which are most wanted for inspection, cannot be surveyed by it. Of course, waxen figures are better adapted to the museum than the amphitheatre. Mr. Auzoux, with a composition re-

\* This circumstance ought to be known to the new society for preventing cruelty to animals, lately formed in London under the patronage of Mr. Buxton, and who meet regularly at Slaughter's Coffee-House.



sembling pasteboard, can imitate the human frame, including all its organs, its internal and external parts, with exact fidelity. The upper parts are easily displayed, according to the rules adopted in dissection, and the interior are moveable with the like facility. The artificial structure may thus be decomposed into a thousand different pieces, and readily put together again, by means of numerical cyphers attached. The only objection to this process is, that the shades and colouring are not so well shown as on wax, but this it is thought may be surmounted. The most minute organs,

the nerves, muscles, veins, all the vessels, are completely and correctly exhibited. In anatomical pathology, the effects of any malady will not only be visible on the surface, but the ravages made by it in the interior of the body and the alterations thereby effected. With the aid of variable pieces, the accoucheur may contemplate the different stages of pregnancy, &c. Comparative anatomy, veterinary medicine, and many who are not professionally obliged, and from the fetid scent, cannot attend dissections, will derive no small advantage from this invention.

### THE PLEASURES OF BRIGHTON.

#### A CIVIC SONG.

HERE'S fine Mrs. Hoggins from Aldgate,  
Miss Dobson and Deputy Dump,  
Mr. Spriggins has left Norton-Falgate,  
And so has Sir Christopher Crump.  
From Shoreditch, Whitechapel and Wapping,  
Miss Potts, Mr. Grub, Mrs. Keats,  
In the waters of Brighton are popping,  
Or killing their time in its streets.

And it's O! what will become of us?

Dear! the vapours and Blue-  
Devils will seize upon some of us  
If we have nothing to do.

This here, ma'am, is Sally, my daughter,  
Whose shoulder has taken a start,  
And they tell me, a dip in salt water  
Will soon make it straight as a dart:—  
Mr. Banter assured Mrs. Mumps,  
(But he's always a playing his fun,)  
That the camel that bathes with two humps,  
Very often comes out with but one.  
And it's O! &c.

And here is my little boy Jacky,  
Whose godfather gave me a hint,  
That by salt-water baths in a crack he  
Would cure his unfortunate squint.  
Mr. Yellowly's looking but poorly,  
It isn't the jaundice, I hope;  
Would you recommend bathing? O surely,  
And let him take—plenty of soap.  
And it's O! &c.

Your children torment you to jog 'em  
On donkeys that stand in a row,  
But the more you belabour and flog em,  
The more the cross creatures won't go:

T'other day, ma'am, I thump'd and I cried,  
And my darling roar'd louder than me,  
But the beast wouldn't budge till the tide  
Had bedraggled me up to the knee!  
And it's O! &c.

At Ireland's I just took a twirl in  
The swing, and walk'd into the Maze,  
And, lauk! in that arm-chair of Merlin  
I tumbled all manner of ways.  
T'other night Mr. Briggs and his nevy  
To Tupper's and Walker's would go,  
But I never beheld such a levee,  
So monstrously vulgar and low!  
And it's O! &c.

On the Downs you are like an old jacket,  
Hung up in the sunshine to dry;  
In the town you are all in a racket,  
With donkey-cart, whiskey, and fly.  
We have seen the Chain Peer, Devil's Dyke,  
The Chalybeate Spring, Rottingdean,  
And the royal Pagoda, how like  
Those bedaub'd on a tea-board or screen!  
And it's O! &c.

We have pored on the sea till we're weary,  
And lounged up and down on the shore  
Till we find all its gaiety dreary,  
And taking our pleasure a bore.  
There's nothing so charming as Brighton,  
We cry as we're scampering down,  
But we look with still greater delight on  
The day that we go back to town.

For it's O! what will become of us,  
Dear! the Vapours and Blue-  
Devils will seize upon some of us  
If we have nothing to do.

### STEAM AND RAILWAYS.

A great social revolution appears to be on the eve of taking place from new application of the powers of steam. Some years since we described in this miscellany the loco-motive steam engines of **BLINKINSOP**, and

gave a graphic representation of them. Since that time they have been used in all the great collieries to convey coals from the pits to the place of shipment. The principle is an iron railway with pinions, so cast at the

same expense as plain, while the wheels of the engine are cast with teeth to work in the pinions; such wheels being cast at the same expense as plain ones. Wheels thus turned by a ten-horse power, have, like gas-fixing animals working with their feet, purchase sufficient to transport fifty tons of coal, six or eight miles per hour, and to ascend, if necessary, the 100th of the length, or seventeen yards in a mile, while they would move less weights twelve or fourteen miles per hour. The principle is obviously capable of extension; and at length a line of thirty miles in Durham having been prepared in this manner, the idea has been caught by public spirited persons in those focuses of enterprise, Liverpool and Manchester, and a similar road is planned between those towns, in which Manchester will represent the colliery of Liverpool. The Durham engineer, Mr. Stephenson, has made a survey which reduces the turnpike-road distance from thirty-six to thirty-three miles, and the canal

distance from fifty to thirty-three, while the time will be reduced a full half. Such prepared roads seem therefore likely to supersede both canals and turnpike roads between places of great intercourse and definite distance; and already another is suggested from Birmingham to Liverpool! On our part, we would recommend others from London to Brighton, &c. to Holyhead, and through York to Edinburgh, with branches to Glasgow and all the great towns. Here is an opening for the advantageous employment of capital, combined with immense public advantages. Bold as is the project, it is not less so than many other applications of science which we have from time to time suggested and recorded in this miscellany, and which we have had the pleasure to live and see realized. The economy both of time and money would be so great, that all England would soon be united as one great metropolis, and its inhabitants enjoy a sort of personal national obliquity.

#### WHO IS THE AUTHOR OF "THE BEGGAR'S PETITION"?

SIR,—I regret that a variety of engagements has prevented me from sending earlier in the present month a communication, invited by one of your respectable correspondents, which is now at your service.

For the satisfaction of your friendly correspondent Investigator, I now transcribe a copy of "the Beggar's Petition," as it was *originally written* by the Rev. Thomas Moss, from Shaw's "History of Staffordshire," vol. ii. p. 238: a neatly executed engraving, of a decrepit old man leaning upon crutches, is prefixed.

#### THE BEGGAR.

—*inopemque paterni*  
*Et laris, et fundi.* Hor.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
Oh! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,  
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years,  
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek  
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on a rising ground,  
With tempting aspect, drew me from my road;  
For plenty there a residence has found,  
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fare of the infirm and poor!  
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,  
A pamper'd menial forc'd me from the door,  
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh take me to your hospitable dome,  
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!  
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,  
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,  
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,  
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,  
And tears of pity could not be repress.

Heaven sends misfortune,—why should we repine?  
'Tis heaven has brought me to the state you see;  
And your condition may be soon like mine,—  
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,  
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;  
But, ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,  
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter! once the comfort of my age!  
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,  
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,  
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.



My tender wife ! sweet soother of my care !  
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,  
 Fell,—lingering fell,—a victim to despair,  
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your  
 door,  
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
 Oh ! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.

I am not able to communicate any additional information concerning the time when this poem was written. It deserves consideration, however, that the friend of Mr. Moss, whose letter has been quoted in the first page of this volume, and who declared in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. lxx. p. 41, "that he had authority to state, that he wrote it about the age of twenty-three,"

referred the readers of that article to Mr. Moss himself, who was at that time "Minister of Trentham," for the truth and confirmation of his statement. I judge from personal recollection of him, that he was about seventy years of age at the time of his decease; and have ascertained, by a certificate copied from the register of burials, that the Rev. T. Moss was interred in the cemetery adjoining to the parish church of King's Swinford, in the county of Stafford, on the 11th of December, 1808. It is to be lamented that no memorial distinguishes the spot where he reposes, as he was not only admired as a poet, but also deservedly esteemed as a man of exemplary character, and as an acceptable preacher.

#### MASTICATION AND DIGESTION.

Discharges of blood from the lungs have lately been prevalent, and have in some instances excited more alarm on the part of the patient and his friends than has been due to the occasion. When the consumptive disposition is not strongly marked, when the hæmorrhage soon subsides, without being followed by hurried pulse or hurried respiration, and when the individual finds himself rather relieved than made worse in his feelings by the occurrence, the accident ought not to be considered, as it is too apt to be, a necessary indication of and prelude to a break-up of constitution, and a coming on of consumption.

Some cases of disturbance in the stomach and bowels, not quite reaching to the height of cholera, have been clearly traced to taking meals with careless and *gourmand* rapidity. At this season of the year, when the stomach is morbidly alive to excitation, and the biliary secretion has more than usual susceptibility to deranged action, hurried meals, with copious draughts, ought especially to be abstained from. It is a curious fact, that while every one almost is aware

that though mastication is important, very few, indeed, act up to the knowledge which in this particular even feeling imparts. But let it be recollected by the more than commonly careless in this respect, that the inconvenience which the stomach suffers, from being obliged to perform the office of mastication as well as digestion does not end with the moment. Many more die of mere indigestion than is generally imagined; and, where chronic disorganization is the result of even temperate intemperance, you may repent and call for aid as you will, but it will be found that the time for repentance and for succour is gone by. Large draughts at dinner, under the notion of the solvent property of drink, will do more harm than good. The writer does not subscribe to the position that "man is not a drinking animal (a position, by the way, which has been advocated with much ingenuity and eloquence), but he thinks, nay, he knows, that a well-masticated meal requires but little of fluid to aid its solution, and that much drink of any kind rather tends to distention than digestion.

Sept. 1, 1824.

#### CURING OF SAGE FOR THE CHINA MARKET.

The Monthly Review, in reviewing Phillips' History of Vegetables, 1822, respecting Sage, states "that the

Dutch have been long in the habit of drying sage leaves to resemble tea, for which they collect not only their own,

but also great quantities from the south of France. They pack them in cases and take them out to China; for every pound of sage they get in exchange four pounds of tea, the Chinese preferring it to the best of their own tea." If this assertion be correct, and if it was possible that a similar trade could be carried on by the English (considering the greatness of the consumption of foreign tea), the

labour that would be caused by it would be extraordinarily great; the progress of drying and curling could be easily done, and it would employ both young and old in its preparation. Perhaps some of your numerous correspondents will be able to give further particulars respecting it through your Magazine, and whether it is or has been tried in England.

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ALL I WISH.

A HEART full of bliss,  
And a head full of dreams,  
Where rapture that is,  
More enrapturing seems;—  
  
Joys waiting my need,—  
In their turns, night and day,—  
So well that I heed  
Not when either's away;—  
  
Soft arms for my sleep,  
Fresh lips for its breaking,

Kind eyes that will keep  
Watch o'er me till waking;—  
  
Sweet breezes at morn,  
Cool shadows at noon,  
Purple eves that are gone  
I may care not how soon.  
  
For the transports ensuing:—  
Fate, give me but these,  
And let others be wooing  
What honours they please.

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GAELIC MELODIES.

While English literature has been recently enriched with Spanish and Russian Anthology, Welch Melodies, &c. it seems rather wonderful that no attempt has hitherto been made, or only very partially made, to translate the simple and pathetic ballads of the northern portion of our own island. It was certainly a matter of regret, that the lyric compositions of the Gael should remain buried in their vernacular dialect. "*Macpherson's Melodies from the Gaelic*," so far as they extend, may, therefore, be considered as a desideratum in English literature. We have extracted "*Roy's Wife*,"—not because we deem it the best in the collection, but to enable our readers to compare this ancient Gaelic song with the modern words to the same tune now so popular.

AIR—"Roy's Wife."

Chorus.

Will ye go to Aldavallich?  
Will ye go to Aldavallich?  
Sweet the mellow mavis sings  
Among the braes of Aldavallich.

There, beneath the spreading boughs,  
Among the woods of green Glenfallich,  
Softly murmuring as it flows,  
Winds the pure stream of Aldavallich.  
Will ye go to Aldavallich, &c.

The first golden smile of morn,  
And the last beam that evening sheddeth,  
Both that echoing vale adorn—  
That brightly glows, this mildly fadeth.  
Will ye go, &c.

Short is there hoar winter's stay,  
When spring returns like Hebe blooming;  
Hand in hand with rosy May,  
With balmy breath the air perfuming  
Will ye go, &c.

Brushing o'er the diamond dew,  
While Phœbus casts a lengthen'd shadow,  
There the fairest maidens pu'  
The fairest flowers that deck the meadow.  
Will ye go, &c.

But there's a flower, a fairer flower  
Then ever grew in green Glenfallich,  
The blooming maiden I adore,  
Young blithesome May of Aldavallich.  
Will ye go, &c.

Let me but pu' this evening rose,  
And fondly press it to my bosom;  
I ask no other flower that blows,—  
Be mine this modest little blossom.  
Will ye go, &c.

Besides the translations already mentioned, the volume contains an equal number of original songs, and imitations, from the Gaelic, which, for the most part, exhibit the same characteristic traits as the others. Our limits, however, only allow us to give the following extract from this division of the work:



## THE BANKS OF GARRY.

TUNE—"O'er the Moor among the Heather."

When rosy May embalmed the air,  
 And verdure fring'd the winding Garry,  
 Upon a dewy morning fair,  
 I met my lovely Highland Mary :  
 On the flowery banks of Garry,  
 By the silver-winding Garry,  
 When rosy May embalm'd the air,  
 I met my lovely Highland Mary.

Softly wav'd the birken tree,  
 The little birds were gay and airy ;  
 Sweetly flow'd their melody  
 Upon the gay green banks of Garry :  
 On the flowery banks of Garry,  
 By the silver-winding Garry,  
 Sweetly flow'd their melody  
 Upon the gay green banks of Garry.

But what were morning wet wi' dew,  
 And all the flowers that fringe the Garry,  
 When first arose upon my view  
 A beam of light, my Highland Mary !  
 On the flowery banks of Garry,  
 By the crystal-winding Garry ;  
 'Twould make a saint forget his creed,  
 To meet her by the winding Garry.

O speed thee, Time ! on swifter wings  
 Around thy ring, nor slowly tarry ;  
 Oh ! haste the happy hour to bring  
 That gives me to my Highland Mary !  
 On the flowery banks of Garry,  
 By the silver-winding Garry,  
 Take, Fortune, all the world beside,  
 I ask no more than Highland Mary.

## DANISH SUPERSTITIONS.

We have heard and seen much of the legends and popular superstitions of THE NORTH, but in truth, all the exhibitions of these subjects which have hitherto appeared in England, have been translations from the German. Mr. OLAUS BORROW, who is familiar with the Northern Languages, proposes, however, to present these curious reliques of romantic antiquity directly

from the Danish and Swedish ; and two elegant volumes of them, now printing, will appear in September. They are highly interesting in themselves, but more so, as the basis of the popular superstitions of England when they were introduced during the incursions and dominion of the Danes and Norwegians.

## THE VICEROY OF EGYPT.

The *Revue Encyclopédique* contains the following extract of a letter from Grand Cairo, dated Jan. 8, 1824 ; "I have visited the Pacha, Mohammed Aly ; he is about fifty years of age and has a very expressive physiognomy. He plyed me with a number of questions, in respect of the military force of the Persians, their regular troops, &c. and made inquiries as to the news of Bagdad. His interpreter is Er. Bogos, an American, who appears to possess great influence with him, and is considered as a very intelligent character. I visited the arsenal, the manufacture of printed cotton stuffs, the printing-office, &c. The Pacha has introduced into these and other establishments, all the European machinery. He has also erected a telegraphic line between Cairo and Alexandria ; by this conveyance, he receives and expedites intelligence from one city to the other in the space of an hour. An Englishman has brought here, from London, a steam-engine, and a drag to clean

rivers and to fish with, but these are not yet prepared for use. The Pacha is now building a national bank, and an establishment for coining money. His liberality is boundless to effect the accomplishment of his schemes, and the activity of his genius is no less remarkable. Europeans are particularly employed by him, and constitute the principal objects of his encouragement. He is, in a word, become above all prejudices. His conduct excites much jealousy among the Beys, but he has signified to them, that if they do not approve of his system they are at liberty to retire. He is now levying a numerous corps to be officered by Franks and Mamelukes, and recruits from peasants in the country, and with Arabs of Mount Libanus, whose chief has lately retired to Cairo ; and, being under the Pacha's protection, has engaged to procure a certain number of warriors of that tribe, which boasts of having never been conquered. The Pacha has, moreover, employed agents to furnish

him with nearly 500,000 European muskets. He has great projects in view, and unless intercepted by the treachery of the Turkish chiefs, he will no doubt finally succeed. The canal that he has lately excavated near Foa, on the Nile, is about sixty miles in length, and is considered a noble undertaking. Mohammed has also on the banks of the Nile a very elegant

palace, in the Italian style. At present, he is decorating the fountains of his capital with lions, crocodiles, and columns of marble brought from Italy. The actual population of Cairo is about 300,000 inhabitants. The Pacha has erected in this city two colleges for the instruction of youth; he is also successfully propagating the vaccine inoculation."

### SACRED MELODY.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

There is a thought can lift the soul,  
Above the dull cold sphere that bounds it,—  
A star that sheds its mild controul  
Brightest when grief's dark cloud surrounds it,  
And pours a soft prevailing ray,  
Life's ills may never chase away!

When earthly joys have left the breast,  
And e'en the last fond hope it cherish'd  
Of mortal bliss—too like the rest—  
Beneath woe's withering touch hath perish'd,  
With fadeless lustre streams that light,  
A halo on the brow of night!

And bitter were our sojourn here  
In this dark wilderness of sorrow,  
Did not that rainbow beam appear,  
The herald of a brighter morrow,  
A gracious beacon from on high  
To guide us to Eternity!

### A NEW TRICK OF LEGERDEMAIN.

Venice was anciently famed for its admirable police. It happened one morning that a French nobleman, in taking a few turns in the square of St. Mark, had his pocket picked of a valuable family watch. Instantly on ascertaining his loss, he repaired to the police department, and expressed, with little discretion, and in unmeasured terms, his surprise that under its so much vaunted regulations, such an accident should have befallen him in the middle of the day, and in so public a place.

'Be careful how you speak of the police of Venice,' said the Commissary to whom he addressed himself; 'your quality as a foreigner will not shelter you, if your invectives should run to too great a length. Deposit here four zechins, and repair to-morrow morning, at eleven o'clock, to the spot where you lost your watch, with an assurance that it will be restored to you.' The Frenchman was punctual, and waited until two without any tidings of his watch. Still

more enraged than before, he again presented himself to the Commissary, venting the bitterest imprecations, and swearing by the Blessed Virgin, the devils in hell, and all the saints in Paradise, that he had been shamefully bubbled, having not only lost his watch, but his zechins, together with his time, which he held to be equally valuable. 'Look to your fob,' said the Commissary, and there, to his utter astonishment, Monsieur found *his watch*.

'You have to learn something further of the Venetian police,' added the Commissary, 'for which purpose here is an officer who will accompany you.' Having descended to a subterranean apartment, his guide led him, by several gloomy, vaulted passages, in crossing which he became more and more anxious as to what was to befall him, to a chamber, dimly lighted by a lamp, where, in a recess, the curtain of which was drawn aside for his inspection, suspended by a cord he saw the *thief*.



## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

(New Mon.)

### DINNER IN THE STEAM-BOAT.

"They fool me the top of my bent."—*Shak.*

"**C**OME, Mrs. Suet, Mrs. Hoggins, Mrs. Sweatbread, Mrs. Cleaver! dinner's ready; shall I show you the way down to the cabin? we mustn't spoil good victuals though we are sure of good company. Lauk! what a monstrous deal of smoke comes out of the chimney. I suppose they are dressing the second course; every thing's roasted by steam, they say,—how excessively clever! As to Mrs. Dip, since she's so high and mighty, she may find her own way down. What! she's afraid of spoiling her fine shawl, I reckon, though you and I remember, Mrs. Hoggins, when her five-shilling Welsh-whittle was kept for Sunday's church, and good enough too, for we all know what her mother was. Good Heavens! here comes Undertaker Croak, looking as down in the mouth as the root of my tongue: do let me go out of his way; I wouldn't sit next to him for a rump and dozen, he does tell such dismal stories that it quite gives one the blue devils. He is like a nightmare, isn't he, Mr. Smart?"—"He may be like a mare by night," replied Mr. Smart, with a smirking chuckle, "but I consider him more like an ass by day.—He! he! he!" Looking round for applause at this sally, he held out his elbows, and taking a lady, or rather a female, under each arm, he danced towards the hatchway, exclaiming, "Now I am ready trussed for table, liver under one wing and gizzard under the other."—"Keep a civil tongue in your head, Mr. Smart; I don't quite understand being called a liver—look at the sparks coming out of the chimney, I declare I'm frightened to death."—"Well, then you are of course no longer a liver," resumed the facetious Mr. Smart; "so we may as well apply to Mr. Croak to bury you."—"O Gemini! don't talk so shocking; I had rather never die at all than have such a fellow as that to bury me."—"Dickey, my dear!" cried Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who was leaning over the ship's side with a most woe-begone and emetical expression of countenance, "hadn't

you better come down to dinner? There's a nice side of a round o' beef, and the chump end of a *line* o' mutton, besides a rare hock of bacon, which I dare say will settle your stomach."—"O mother," replied the young Cockney, "that 'ere cold beef-steak and inguns vat you put up in the pocket-handkerchief, vasn't good I do believe, for all my hinsides are of a work."—"Tell 'em it's a holiday," cried Smart.—"O dear, O dear!" continued Dick, whose usual brazen tone was subdued into a lackadaisical whine, "I vant to reach and I can't—vat shall I do, mother?"—"Stand on tip-toe, my darling," replied Smart, imitating the voice of Mrs. Cleaver, who began to take in high dudgeon this horse-play of her neighbour, and was proceeding to manifest her displeasure in no very measured terms, when she was fortunately separated from her antagonist, and borne down the hatchway by the dinner-desiring crowd, though sundry echoes of the words "Jackanapes!" and "impertinent feller!" continued audible above the confused gabble of the gangway.

"Well, but Mr. Smart," cried Mrs. Suet, as soon as she had satisfied the first cravings of her appetite, "you promised to tell me all about the steam, and explain what it is that makes them wheels go round and round as fast as those of our one-horse chay, when Jem Bell drives the trotting mare."—"Why, ma'am, you must understand—" "Who called for sandwiches and a tumbler of negus?" bawled the steward—"Who called for the savages and tumbling negres?" repeated Mr. Smart.—"Yes, ma'am, you saw the machinery, I believe—(capital boiled beef) there's a thing goes up and a thing goes down, all made of iron; well, that's the hydrostatic principle; then you put into the boiler—(a nice leg of mutton, Mrs. Sweetbread)—let me see, where was I?—In the boiler, I believe. Ah! it's an old trick of mine to be getting into hot water. So, ma'am, you see they turn all the smoke that comes from the fire on to the wheels, and

that makes them spin round, just as the smoke-jack in our chimnies turns the spit; and then there's the safety-valve in case of danger, which lets all the water into the fire, and so puts out the steam at once. You see, ma'am, it's very simple, when once you understand the trigonometry of it."—"O perfectly, but I never had it properly explained to me before. It's vastly clever, isn't it. How *could* they think of it? Shall I give you a little of the sallad? La, it isn't dressed; what a shame!"

"Not at all," cried Smart, "none of us dressed for dinner, so that we can hardly expect it to be dressed for us. He! he! he!"—"Did you hear that, Mrs. H.?" exclaimed Mrs. Suet, turning to Mrs. Hoggins, "that was a good one, warn't it? Drat it, Smart, you *are* a droll one."

Here the company were alarmed by a terrified groan from Mr. Croak, who ejaculated, "Heaven have mercy on us! did you hear that whizzing noise?—there it is again! there's something wrong in the boiler—if it bursts, we shall all be in heaven in five minutes."—"The Lord forbid!" ejaculated two or three voices, while others began to scream, and were preparing to quit their places, when the steward informed them it was nothing in the world but the spare steam which they were letting off.—"Ay, so they always say," resumed Croak with an incredulous tone and woe-begone look; "but it was just the same on board the American steam-boat that I was telling you of—fifty-two souls sitting at dinner, laughing and chatting for all the world as we are now, when there comes a whiz, such as we heard a while ago—God help us! there it is once more—and bang! up blew the boiler—fourteen people scalded to death—large pieces of their flesh found upon the river, and a little finger picked up next day in an oyster-shell, which by the ring upon it was known to be the captain's. But don't be alarmed, ladies and gentlemen, I dare say we shall escape any scalding as we're all in the cabin, and so we shall only go to the bottom smack! Indeed we *may*

arrive safe—they do sometimes, and I wish we may now, for nobody loves a party of pleasure more than I do. I hate to look upon the gloomy side of things when we are all happy together (here another groan,) and I hope I haven't said any thing to lower the spirits of the company."

"There's no occasion," cried Smart "for I saw the steward putting water into every bottle of brandy." The laugh excited by this *bon mot* tended in some degree to dissipate the alarm and gloom which the boding Mr. Croak had been infusing into the party; and Smart, by way of fortifying their courage, bade them remark that the sailors were obviously under no sort of apprehension. "Ay," resumed the persevering Mr. Croak, "they are used to it—it is their business—they are bred to the sea."—"But they don't want to be bread to the fishes, any more than you or I," retorted Smart, chuckling at his having the best of this nonsense.

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Sweetbread, "I never tasted such beer as this—flat as ditch-water; they should have put it upon the cullender to let the water run out; and yet you have been drinking it, Smart, and never said any thing about it."—"Madam," replied the party thus addressed, laying his hand upon his heart, and looking very serious, "I make it a rule never to speak ill of the dead.—I am eating the ham, you see, and yet it would be much better if I were to let it exemplify one of Shakspeare's soliloquies—Ham-let alone."—"La! you're such a wag," cried Mrs. Hoggins, "there's no being up to you; but if you don't like the ham, take a slice of this edge-bone—nothing's better than cold beef."—"I beg your pardon, Madam," replied the indefatigable joker—"cold beef's better than nothing—Ha! ha! ha!"

"How do you find yourself now, my darling?" said Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who had been driven below by a shower, and kept his hat on because, as he said, his "air was quite vet."—"Vy, mother, I have been as sick as a cat, but I'm bang up now, and so peckish that I feel as if I could



heat any thing.”—“Then just warm these potatoes,” said Smart, handing him the dish, “for they are almost cold.”—“I’ll thank you not to run your rigs upon me,” quoth the young Cockney, looking glumpish, “or I shall fetch you a vipe with this here hash-stick. If one gives you a hinch, you take a hell.”—“Never mind him, my dear,” cried his mother, “eat this mutton-chop, it will do you good; there’s no gravy, for Mr. Smart has all the sauce to himself. Haw! haw! haw!”—“Very good!” exclaimed the latter, clapping his hands, “egad! Ma’am, you are as good a wag as your own double chin.” This was only ventured in a low tone of voice, and, as the fat dame was at that moment handing the plate to her son, it was fortunately unheard. Dick being still rather giddy, contrived to let the chop fall upon the floor, an occurrence at which Mr. Smart declared he was not in the least surprised, as the young man, when first he came into the cabin, looked uncommonly chop-fallen. Dick, however, had presently taken a place at the table, and begun attacking the buttock of beef with great vigour and vivacity, protesting he had got a famous “happetite,” and felt “as ungry as an ound.”—“I never say any thing to discourage any body,” said Mr. Croak, “particularly young people; it’s a thing I hate, but t’other day a fine lad sate down to his dinner in this very packet, after being sea-sick, just as you may be doing now, when it turned out he had broke a blood-vessel, and in twelve hours he was a corpse, and a very pretty one he made.”

“I’m not going to be choused out of my dinner for all that,” replied the youth, munching away with great industry, and at the same time calling out—“Steward! take away this porter-pot, it runs.”—“I doubt that,” cried Smart.—“I say it does,” resumed Dick, angrily, “the table-cloth is all of a sop.”—“I’ll bet you half-a-crown it doesn’t.” Done! and done! were hastily exchanged, when Mr. Smart, looking round with a smirk, exclaimed—“Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to every one of you whether the pot has not been perfectly still, and nothing has been running but the beer.” This elicited

a shout at poor Dick’s expense, who sullenly muttered, “I’m not going to be bamboozled out of an ’alf-crown in that there vay, and vat’s more I vont be made a standing joke by no man.”—“I don’t see how you can,” replied his antagonist, “so long as you are sitting.”—“Vy are you like a case of ketchup?” cried Dick, venturing for once to become the assailant, and immediately replying to his own inquiry, “because you are a sauce-box.”—“Haw! haw!” roared his mother, “bravo, Dick; well done, Dick! there’s a proper rap for you, Mr. Smart.”—Somewhat nettled at this joke, poor as it was, the latter returned to the charge by inquiring of Dick why his hat was like a giblet-pie? and after suffering him to guess two or three times in vain, cried “because there’s a goose’s head in it,” and instantly set the example of the horse-laugh in which the company joined. Finding he was getting the worst of it, Dick thought it prudent to change the conversation, by observing that it would luckily be “’igh water in the ’arbour when they arrived.”—“Then I recommend you by all means to use some of it,” said the pertinacious Mr. Smart, “perhaps it may cure your squint.”

Both mother and son rose up in wrath at this personality, and there would infallibly have been a *bourrasque* (as the French say) in the hold, but that there was just then a tremendous concussion upon the deck, occasioned by the fall of the main-boom, and followed by squeaks and screams, of all calibres, from the panic-stricken company at the dinner-table. “Lord have mercy upon us!” ejaculated Croak with a deep groan, “it’s all over with us—we are going to the bottom—I like to make the best of every thing—it’s my way, and therefore hope no lady or gentleman will be in the least alarmed, for I believe drowning is a much less painful death than is generally supposed.”

Having run upon deck at this juncture for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the accident, which he found to be unattended with the smallest danger, the writer cannot detail any more of the conversation that ensued.

## DANISH TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

(Mon. Mag.)

*Balder's Hill.*

**N**OT far from the village of Tune, in the district of Roskilde, is the mountain in which Balder is reported to have been buried. Saxo asserts, that once when several countrymen, under the guidance of a professor of the black art, went to this hill for the purpose of digging up a treasure, it seemed to them, when most busied at the work, that a foaming flood, with much noise, was precipitating itself down from the top of the hill; whereupon, in the greatest terror, they cast away their spades, and each sought for safety in flight.

*Hanebjerg.*

In the parish of East Lygum, in Slesvig, is a height called Hanebjerg, and not far from it is a fairy-moss. A young peasant once lay down upon this moss, and slept so long, that he awoke very late at night, when he heard around him the most enchanting music, and, looking up, he perceived two fairy maidens, who skipped and danced about, and asked him, in the mean time, several questions, in order to make him speak; but he knew well that there would be danger in doing so, and was silent. Then, suddenly changing their manner, they sung in menacing tones:—

This instant rise, and speak to us,  
Thou young and handsome swain,  
Or we with knives thy breast will rip,  
And cut thy heart in twain.

He was much terrified when he heard this, and was just going to speak; but a cock at that moment crowed from the top of the neighbouring hill, and the fairies immediately vanished; from which circumstance the hill is called Hanebjerg (Cock's hill).

*The Seals.*

It is a common belief in Ferroc, that the seal every ninth night casts off its skin, assumes a human shape, and dances and amuses itself after the human fashion, until it resumes its skin, and becomes a seal again. It

chanced once that a man passed by while this was taking place, and when he saw the skin, he took it up, and hid it. When the seal, who was a female, could not find her skin to creep into, she was obliged to continue in her human shape; and, as she was comely to look at, the same man made her his wife, had several children by her, and lived with her very comfortably. But, after the lapse of a long time, the woman found her concealed skin, and could do then nothing less than creep into it, and become a seal again.

*Holy-cross Church.*

Directly over against the pulpit of Onsbergh Church, in Samsoe, is a table, on which is fastened a crucifix, with the following inscription:—“This gilded crucifix was found tied round the neck of a drowned man, who came floating to the shore near Isle Mode, in the parish of Tranbiorn. When the people wished to convey the body to the church-yard, four horses could not stir the cart in which it was placed, nor could they draw the same body to Kolbye Church. But, when they turned towards Onsbergh Church, two horses easily dragged it there. It was buried on the eastern side of this church, which takes its name from the said gilded cross, being called at this time *Hellig-kors Kirke* (Holy-cross Church), 1596.”

*The Shopkeeper of Aalborg.*

Once when a raging fire broke out in the town of Aalborg, and the flames had just seized the warehouse of a shopkeeper, so that his whole property was on the point of being consumed, he snatched his weights and measures from the counter, and, with these in his hand, he hurried into the middle of the street, crying, “In case, O God! I have ever with weight and measure robbed and cheated any one, then let the fire consume my house; but, if I have always acted with pro-



bity and integrity, preserve then my goods and dwelling." And no sooner had he said this than the fire died away, and his house escaped. He caused this inscription to be placed over the door, "I was on the brink of a precipice, but I did not fall down. Anno 1663, d. 11 Augusti."

*Tordenskiold's Grave.*

In that part of the church-wall of Holm which looks towards the sea, close by the grave of Tordenskiold, is a stone that will not keep fast in the wall, but is every now and then falling out. "That is Tordenskiold," says the peasant; "who is coming again to thresh the Swedes."

*Norvig Church.*

A boor of Norvig, in Oddsberred, had a great desire to see what was passing in the church at midnight. He therefore crept slyly in, and seated himself in one of the pews. He remained there till it was deep night, when the church was suddenly illuminated; he then heard the doors open, and, immediately after, he saw four tall, steel-clad men walk in, bearing on their shoulders a coffin. They halted in the middle of the aisle, raised the flag-stones, and deposited the coffin beneath. After all this was done, they went away.

There is no doubt that the famous Mark Stig was secretly buried by his followers somewhere in North Zealand: and Pontoppidan remarks, in his "*Marmora Danica*," that many think he was buried in this church.

*The Dragon of Aalborg.*

Two miles from Aalborg lie several hillocks, which are called Osthierg Bakker. Among these, very many years ago, a dragon had his nest, and by his rapacity caused a great dearth in the neighbourhood. Thither came a man who knew how to deal with such reptiles, and he promised to destroy the dragon. He first caused a great wood pile to be raised, and, when this was set fire to, he mounted a powerful horse, and rode past the dragon's nest. The dragon followed him wherever he went, and they came

in this manner at length to the blazing pile. The man immediately leapt his horse over the pile, and the dragon crept after him completely through the flames. He made the leap a second time; and a second time the dragon crawled after him: and when he had rode seven times, unscorched and unhurt, over the pile, the dragon, in attempting to creep through it the seventh time, was entirely consumed.

*The Mountain Imps.*

In Kund-hill, near the plain of Thyrsting, lives an elf, who has several children. When the sun is gone down, they are frequently seen, with much noise and laughter, to creep up to the summit, and then let themselves roll down one after another. They continue their sport late at night.

*King Waldemar's Chase.*

King Waldemar loved Tovelill, a lady of Ryggen; and he was so strongly afflicted when she died, that he would not forsake her body, but caused it to be carried along with him wherever he went. This became very disagreeable to all those who were about the king, and on that account a courtier, profiting by a favourable opportunity, examined the body, in order to discover what it was that bound the king to it with so powerful an attachment. He at last perceived on her finger a magic ring, which her mother had given her in order to secure the king's love. The courtier took the ring, and immediately the king's infatuation towards the body disappeared, and he allowed it to be interred. But mark the consequence: all the king's love was transferred to the courtier, who was now in possession of the ring; so that he granted him every thing that he asked for, and would scarcely trust him from his sight, which constraint at last became irksome to the youth, and, as he knew what was the cause of it, he dropped the ring into a pond, as he one day rode through the grove of Gurra. From that moment the king began to find himself better in this particular grove than in any other place; he caused the Castle of Gurra to be built, and hunted night and day in the wood.

He was frequently heard to say, that God might keep heaven to himself, if he were only permitted to hunt in Gurra; and, after his death, God punished him by fulfilling his wish.

He now rides every night from Burra to Gurra, and is through the whole district known by the name of the Flying Huntsman. When he approaches, one hears, first a horrid howling, bellowing, and whip-cracking, in the air, and then every person ought to turn out of the path, and conceal himself behind the trees. Then comes the whole route. Foremost of all run the coal-black dogs, snuffing the ground, and with long glowing tongues lolling from their throats. Then appears "Wolmar," seated upon his white horse, and generally carrying his head under his left arm. When he meets any body, especially if it happens to be an old man, he commands him to hold his dogs, and sometimes leaves him standing with the hounds for many hours, or, at other times, he will presently afterwards fire a shot, and, when the hounds hear that, they burst their bands, and scamper off. When he goes away in this manner, the gates are heard slamming-too after him; and in many places, where there is a straight passage through a house, he gallops in at the one and out of the other door, and no bolts are so heavy that they do not spring back at his approach. He frequently rides through Ibsgaard, in Oddsberred; and there is in Roskilde a house where the doors are now always left standing open during the night; for, previously to that, he frequently broke the locks to pieces. In certain places, it frequently happens that he takes his course over the house, and in the neighbourhood of Herlufsholm there is a cottage whose roof is in the middle considerably sunk, because he has passed over it. In North Zealand he has another Gurra, in which stand some ruins, which are called Waldemar's Castle. It is here customary for the old women, on the eve of St. John's day, to station themselves in the paths, and to open the gates for him. Half a mile from Gurra lies Woldemar's height, surrounded by water. According to tradition, six

black monks, mumbling psalms, pass slowly every midnight across the island. Between Sollerood and Nærum, he hunts with his hounds and horses along a road which takes its name from him.

When he has thus made a circuit, he reposes himself by turns in all the princely residences scattered through the country. He takes particular pleasure in stopping at Valloe-burgh, where there is a chamber appropriated to him, in which stand two beds; in the same apartment are likewise two strong chests, which, being once opened, were found to be filled with strong round pieces of leather, "for better money there was not in King Waldemar's days." A subterranean passage connects Valloe-burgh with Tallosegaard, in the bailiwick of Holbeck: here he likewise has a sleeping-room, and maidens and people, dressed in the fashion of the times when he lived, are frequently seen making the beds. A countryman, who would not believe that the king came by night to this place, had the audacity to keep watch there; but, about midnight the spectre-monarch entered, saluted him in a friendly manner, and said, "I will reward you for this kind visit," and at the same time chucked him a gold coin; but, when the fellow caught at it, it burnt a round hold through his hand, and fell to the ground a fiery coal. We may easily judge what he suffered from this fiendish gift. But it frequently happens, that when old men or women have for many hours held the phantom's hounds, he casts something to them which looks like a coal, and is therefore generally disregarded; but, if it be picked up and examined, it is found to consist of the purest gold.

The following is one of this remarkable personages adventures:—

Late at eve they were toiling on Harribee bank,  
For in harvest men ne'er should be idle,  
Towards them rode Waldemar, meagre and lank,  
And he linger'd, and drew up his bridle.

"Success to your labour, and have ye to-night  
Seen any thing pass ye in reaping?"

"Yes, yes," said a peasant, "I saw something white,  
Just now through the corn-stubble creeping."



"Which way did it go?"—"Why, methought to the beach."

Then off went Waldemar bounding ;  
A few moments after they heard a faint screech,  
And the horn of the hunter resounding,

Then back came he, laughing in horrible tone,  
And the blood in their veins ran the colder,  
When they saw that a fresh-slaughter'd mermaid  
was thrown

Athwart his proud barb's dappled shoulder.

Said he, "I have chas'd her for seven-score years,  
As she landed to drink at the fountains."

No more did he deign to their terrified ears.  
But gallop'd away to the mountains.

### *The Sunken Castle.*

In the neighbourhood of London-borg is a lake, the bottom of which no one living has ever yet been able to find, and concerning this same lake goes a very strange story. Many centuries ago there stood, in the same place where the lake now is, a large old castle. There is no other trace remaining of it now than a carriage-way, which formerly led to the castle-gate, but which loses itself now beneath the waters of the lake. This is the story:—It happened one Sunday evening, when the master was from come, that the servants of the castle were drinking and amusing themselves ; and they carried their pastime so far, that they took a swine from the sty, dexterously dressed it up, put a hat upon its head, and laid it in their master's bed. When this was done, they despatched a hasty messenger to the nearest priest, entreating him to home and give the sacrament to their master, who, they said, was lying at his last gasp. The priest came immediately to the castle, and, as he dreamt of no trick, he read prayers over the swine ; and as he presented the sacrament all present began to laugh, and the swine snapped it out of his hands. Whereupon he, in the utmost horror, hurried away, but forgot to take his book along with him ; and, as he rushed out of the last gate, the castle-clock struck twelve, and immediately the building shook and trembled in all its gables, and when he turned round it was already sunk, and the lake came foaming and bellying up from the abyss. Stupified with fear and wonder, he could not

stir from the spot ; and, as he stood gazing, a little stool came floating to the top of the water, and upon it lay the book which he had forgot to bring out of the castle.

### *The Man and his Shadow.*

One evening, when the moon shone bright in the heavens, a man went out into the fields ; and, as he walked along, his eyes fell by chance on the long handsome shadow which he cast behind him in the moonshine ; and, as he plumed himself upon it, a little dwarfish man advanced to him, and said, "That is a noble shadow of yours ; will you sell it to me." Thereupon the man burst into loud laugh ; but when the dwarf repeated his request, and showed him several lovely white ducats, he began to think him in earnest, and the bargain was soon struck. Then the little man took the shadow, rolled it carefully up, put it in his pocket, and went his way. The man went likewise home, and was at first rather melancholy at his loss ; but the lovely white ducats soon consoled him. A short time after this, he went out with his wife into the fields, and saw how finely the corn looked waving in the clear moonshine ; and, as they now walked along the fields, the wife suddenly exclaimed, "See what a shadow I have,—observe its length and breadth ; but you, man, have no shadow : what is the reason of that ?" The man endeavoured to evade this question, but the wife was continually harping upon it. Time after time, the neighbours and the children came to see whether he had any shadow, and then they all avoided him ; so that, unable at last to bear the universal scorn and contempt, he made away with himself.

### *Mermen.*

In the year 1619, King Christian the Fourth, sent two state-counsellors (Sir Oluf Rosenspar and Sir Niels Holo,) to Norway, for the purpose of holding a court-day ; and it chanced, on their return, that the crew of the vessel caught, and drew on-board, a merman, in shape and features just like any other man ; he staggered

about for a long time upon the deck, but at last he lay down as if he had been dead; and when one of the bystanders exclaimed, "What a wonderful God that must be who has human creatures even in the water;" the merman answered, "Yes; and if you knew all I do, you would say so indeed; but, if you do not let me this moment return to the water, neither ye nor your ship shall ever reach the land." Thereupon he would not speak another word; but was placed

in the boat, out of which he sprang himself.

The year after, when the state counsellor, Christopher Ulfeld, was sent with a ship to Gulland, a merman, having black hair and a long beard, approached them on their way; he seemed to have great curiosity, and observed the ship and those that were in it very closely; but when one of the sailors flung him out a shirt in sport, he ducked under, and was no more seen.

### THE FATA MORGANA.

(Mon. Mag.)

THE CONCHOLOGIST'S COMPANION; COMPRISING THE INSTINCTS AND CONSTRUCTIONS OF TESTACEOUS ANIMALS, &c. &c. BY THE AUTHOR OF THE WONDERS OF THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM, &c.

**T**HIS unpretending volume will be received with much pleasure by those whose taste leads them to the study of natural history: especially by the more juvenile students, for whose use it is principally designed. It is a judicious and entertaining compilation from larger and more scientific works on the same subjects, interspersed with descriptions of natural scenery from the pen of the compiler, who appears to be an ardent lover of nature. The following extract from the description of the coral, which contains also an account of that singular phenomenon the *fata morgana*, will give a good idea of the style in which the work is written.

"This elegant production is common to the shores of Great Britain; but the finest specimens are brought from the Persian Gulf, Red Sea, Africa, Bastions of France, islands of Majorca and Corsica, and from the coasts of Provence and Catalonia. A large fishery also subsists in the Straits of Messina, where the shell collector had lately an opportunity of not only seeing the method employed by the Sicilian fishermen in bringing up the coral, but also La Fata Morgana, that beautiful aerial phenomenon, which the credulous natives imagine to be produced by fairies or invisible beings,

'That in the colours of the rainbow live,  
Or play i' the plighted clouds.'

It was summer, early in July, the morning calm and delightful; the winds were hushed, the surface of the bay remarkably smooth—the tide at its full height, and the waters elevated in the middle of the channel. The sun had just surmounted the hills behind Reggio, and formed an angle of forty-five degrees on the noble expanse of water which extends before the city. Suddenly the sea that washes the Sicilian shores presented the aspect of a range of dark mountains; while that on the Calabrian coast appeared like a clear polished mirror, which reflected and multiplied every object existing or moving at Reggio, with the addition of a range of more than a thousand giant pilasters, equal in altitude, distance, and degree of light and shade. In a moment they lost half their height, and bent into arcades, like those of a Roman aqueduct. A long cornice was then formed on the top, and above it rose innumerable castles, which presently divided into towers, and shortly afterwards into magnificent colonnades. To these succeeded a sweep of windows; then came pines and cypresses, and innumerable shrubs and trees; in shadier scenes

'Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph  
Nor Faunus haunted.'

"This glorious vision continued in full beauty till the sun was considerably advanced in the heavens; it then van-



ished in the twinkling of an eye; and instead of pilasters, groves, and colonnades, the shell collector saw nothing but the mountains of Reggio, Messina, and a beautiful expanse of water, reflecting its cultivated shores, and the cattle that were grazing on its banks.\*

"A new scene was now presented to his attention. It consisted of a number of boats skimming rapidly over the transparent water, each of which was tipped with vivid light; and a fleet of more than twenty small vessels, with their sails expanded to catch the breeze. They were employed in the coral fishery, which is carried on from the entrance of the Taro to the part of the Strait opposite to the church of the Grotto, or through a tract of six miles in length, and to the distance of three miles from Messina. Each vessel was

manned by eight men, who separately moored them above a range of submarine rocks, and then proceeded to bring up the branches of coral by means of an instrument formed of two poles of wood, crossing each other at right angles, and having a piece of net fastened on the under side; a large stone having been previously fixed at the points where the poles cross each other, in order to facilitate the descent of the instrument; and a cord strongly tied round the middle. Each of the fishermen held one of these instruments in his hand, and by the help of a companion, guided the net to those places where the coral was supposed to grow, which was then enclosed in the meshes of the net, broken off, and immediately drawn up."

### VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Chit Chat, Incidents, &c.

#### INHABITANTS AND HABITATIONS OF THE MOON.

Professor Gruithausen in Munich has now published the first-third of his essay on the many plain indications of inhabitants in the moon, and especially of a colossal building. The *Munich Gazette* relates some of the most remarkable results derived from a great number of observations made last year. They answer three questions—1. To what latitude in the moon are there indications of vegetation?—2. How far are there indications of animated beings?—3. Where are the greatest and plainest traces of art on the surface of the moon? With respect to the first question, it appears from the observations of Schroter and Gruithausen that the vegetation on the moon's surface extends to 55 degrees South latitude, and 65 degrees North latitude. Many hundred observations have shown in the different colours, and monthly changes of the parts, evidently covered with plants, three kinds of phenomena, which cannot possibly be explained, except by the process of ve-

getation. To the second question, it is answered that the indications from which the existence of living beings is inferred, are found from 50 degrees North latitude to 37 degrees, and perhaps 47 degrees South latitude. The answer to the third question relates to the observations pointing out the places in the moon's surface, in which are appearance of artificial causes, altering the surface. The author here examines the appearances that induces him to infer that there are artificial roads in various directions, and he also describes the great colossal edifice, resembling our cities, on the most fertile part, near the moon's equator. It is remarkable that it stands accurately, according the four cardinal points, and that the main lines are in angles of 45 and 90 degrees, and a building resembling what is called a star redoubt, is attached to it, which the discoverer *presumes* to be dedicated to religious purposes; and as the Selenites can see no stars in the day time (their atmosphere being so pure) he thinks that they worship the stars, and consider the earth as a natural clock. The Essay is accompanied by several plates.

\* For a further description of a La Fata Morgana, consult *Travels in the Two Sicilies*, by Swinburne.

## BEETHOVEN.

Beethoven is the most celebrated of the living composers in Vienna, and in certain departments the foremost of his day. His powers of harmony are prodigious. Though not an old man, he is lost to society in consequence of his extreme deafness, which has rendered him almost unsocial. The neglect of his person which he exhibits gives him a somewhat wild appearance. His features are strong and prominent; his eye is full of rude energy; his hair, which neither comb nor scissors seem to have visited for years, overshadows his broad brow in a quantity and confusion to which only the snakes round a Gorgon's head offer a parallel. His general behaviour does not ill accord with the unpromising exterior. Except when he is among his chosen friends, kindness or affability are not his characteristics. The total loss of hearing has deprived him of all the pleasure which society can give, and perhaps soured his temper.—Even among his oldest friends, he must be humoured like a spoilt child. He has always a small paper book with him, and what conversation takes place, is carried on in writing. The moment he is seated at the piano, he is evidently unconscious that there is anything in existence but himself and his instrument; and, considering how very deaf he is, it seems impossible that he should hear all he plays. Accordingly, when playing very *piano*, he often does not bring out a single note. He hears it himself in the “mind's ear.” While his eye, and the almost imperceptible motion of his fingers, show that he is following out the strain in his own soul through all its dying gradations, the instrument is actually as dumb as the musician is deaf. He seems to feel the bold, the commanding, and the impetuous, more than what is soothing or gentle. The muscles of the face swell, and its veins start out; the wild eye rolls doubly wild; the mouth quivers, and Beethoven looks like a wizard overpowered by the demons whom he himself has called up.—*Tour in Germany in 1820, 21, & 22.*

## PLUM PUDDING.

This is one of the relics of barbarous cookery—a compilation of grossness, gastronomically unscientific, and pre-eminently unwholesome. Sugar, dough, and fat are its basis, and in such proportion that its lighter ingredients have not power to redeem its crudity.—No wonder John Bull is dyspeptic, hypochondriacal, and suicidal, when plum-pudding and malt-liquor occupy his stomach so often. Boiled dough is the food of his youth—solid, stone-like dough;—and when he grows up, he mollifies his mess with sugar and raisins; scarcely a day passes without a wedge of his favourite dish—plum-pudding; and then he mopes and drinks his ale, until a sufficient portion of the narcotic portion of his beverage nods him down to sleep. And yet John wonders why he suffers from indigestion! Leave off plum-pudding. The French, who know better than we do the science of cookery, laugh at us for patronizing it.

*Thermometrical Observations.*

A gentleman perceiving a man swallowing liquor from a thermometer, enquired of a bystander the reason of such a strange proceeding; to which he replied, “Oh! he is getting intoxicated *by degrees*.”

*The Human Heart.* 8vo. 10s. 6d.

This volume, which is a collection of tales, written with considerable talent, would have been a much more pleasing work had the author not filled it so very full of horrors. He appears to be never satisfied unless he is lacerating “the human heart” with some appalling narrative, either conjured up by his own imagination, or selected from the darkest pages of history. Thus the second tale, “Thou shalt not do evil that good may come of it,” is the well-known story of Col. Kirk's infamous treachery and violence to the sister of one of his prisoners. It does not argue any great sense in the writer of his own powers, when he thus resorts to the *horrible*, for the purpose of infusing an interest into his stories; nor, indeed, is this the best mode of accomplishing such an object; for our own parts,



we rather turn with distaste from these pictures of death and destruction and despair. We regret that the author of these tales has not selected more pleasing themes for his pen, as he appears to possess talents and feelings which would enable him to produce a much more agreeable work.

The *Brisbane River* lately discovered, and the largest yet known in New Holland, empties into Moreton Bay, in lat.  $28^{\circ}$ , and is there three miles broad; but at about twenty miles from its mouth, it is crossed by a ledge of rocks, on which the tide rises only twelve feet at high water: at fifty miles from the sea the tide rose four and a half feet, and ran upwards of four miles per hour: its usual depth from hence to the sea is three to nine fathoms. This river comes from the S. W., in the direction of the Macquarie Marshes, distant about three hundred and fifty miles, of which it is the probable outlet: a supposition which seemed confirmed by the banks of the Brisbane, showing no marks of floods, more than seven feet above a low state of water.

The *Hives of Bees taken out to New South Wales* by CAPT. WALLACE, were five of them thriving well, and had thrown off many swarms, although the greater part of these had escaped into the woods; where they are multiplying fast, owing to the country and climate being so favourable to their propagation. It seems probable therefore, that wild honey and wax, as well as that raised in hives, may become ere long articles of export from the colony.

The *British Asiatic Journal* of November contains a remarkable article, a sort of prediction, found in the text of the philosopher Confucius, announcing, in a manner very distinct, that they were to expect from the west (this is in reference to China) a saint, or holy one, that would instruct men in the whole of their duties, and stamp perfection on the principles and practices of religion. These curious texts, which have already obtained some publicity from the labours of Mr. Abel Remusat, appear here, in Chinese

characters, with an English and Latin version, corresponding, verbatim, to each character.

The Calcutta Gazette reports some interesting discoveries by Mr. Moorcroft, in his progress through certain elevated and imperfectly-known regions bordering on India. Vast quantities of timber suited to ship-building; a whiter and more productive kind of wheat than any known in Britain; several sorts of barley, more productive, and containing more valuable properties for malting than those cultivated in England; a plant that cures the rot in sheep, of which disease the late Dr. Bakewell asserted, that hundreds of thousands died every year in Britain; a hardy variety of hay, with which waste moors and heath-covered commons may be cultivated, so as to afford winter-food for an additional million of English sheep. The quality of this food is such as to fatten them in half the time they would require on any known forage now in use; a breed of mountain sheep, of which an English cottager may keep three with more ease than he can maintain a cur-dog: a little farmer may keep a small flock of them on the waste produce of his farm. This breed has been secured, and provision made for keeping a stock of them for three years.

In 1818, Yuenke, Governor of Canton, and Ke Foo Yuen, Deputy Governor, wrote to the Emperor to solicit his authority for the composition of a topographical description of the Province of Canton, assigning as a reason that what was composed ninety years before, was become very defective and inaccurate. The Emperor approved the project, and the work was undertaken under the direction of twenty-seven persons of different ranks and talents, and submitted to the general surveillance of the Governor. Four years have been occupied in the composition and printing of this book. It is now about to appear in a hundred volumes, under the title of *Kwang-tung-tung-che*, or General Topography of China.

#### CURE FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.

Take a table-spoonful of any kind of spirits, and the same quantity of sharp vinegar, and a tea-spoonful of common salt;

mix them well together ; hold the liquid in the mouth, so that it can enter the cavity of the tooth, and it will give immediate relief.

#### MATTER.

M. BORY DE SAINT VINCENT has lately read to the Society of Natural History, and to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, a curious memoir on Matter, considered with reference to Natural History.

In consequence of the great errors which result from the use of microscopes of more extensive power, M. de Saint Vincent has confined himself in his observations to microscopes which magnify a thousand times. In penetrating by these instruments into the invisible world (to use his own expression,) matter has constantly presented itself to him in five states, perfectly distinct ; states which he by no means considers as primordial and elementary, but which, however they may be themselves constituted, form, by their combinations, the greater part of existing beings. To each of these classes of corpuscula, he gives a characteristic name, conformable to its most remarkable properties, and classes them in the following order :—MUCOUS MATTER, LIVING MATTER, VEGETABLE MATTER, CRYSTALLISABLE MATTER, EARTHLY MATTER.

MUCOUS MATTER shows itself in water submitted to the prolonged operation of air and light. It coats the stones which lie at the bottoms of brooks and rivers, and renders them very slippery. It is sensibly unctuous to the touch ; and sometimes acquires the consistence of a jelly. Aquatic animals are more or less covered with it ; and M. Bory de St. Vincent thinks the viscidinity of sea water is chiefly attributable to it.

LIVING MATTER, according to M. de Saint Vincent, is composed of globules, perfectly round, which are the *monas termo*, of Muller. These globules are in constant agitation, and move with the greatest swiftness. Their appearance precedes, by a shorter or a longer time, that of the animals called *infusiores*. They incorporate themselves with mucous matter, give it a certain consistence, and convert it into membranes which seem to require nothing, in order to constitute living bodies, but a nervous network, the manner of the introduction of which will probably never be discovered.

VEGETATIVE MATTER discloses itself in all kinds of water, even in distilled. It colours, with an agreeable green, the liquid in which it is formed, and the bodies which are immersed in that liquid. M. Bory de Saint Vincent attributes to it the greenish hue of packed oysters. The particles of vegetative matter are compressible, oval, and transparent, but of a greenish hue, motionless, preserving their colour, but losing their form in drying.

CRYSTALLISABLE MATTER is the fourth result of the spontaneous decomposition which takes place in infusions. It is an assemblage of translucid particles, hard, angular, and flat ; which approach one an-

other by molecular attraction, and not by any motion belonging to themselves.

EARTHLY MATTER is composed of hard, opaque, polyedrous or rounded molecules ; the form and colour of which are not changed by alterations of wet and dryness.

M. Bory de Saint Vincent thinks that, with this small number of materials, endowed with invariable properties, Nature is enabled to produce the prodigious variety of beings which people the universe, all subjected to simple and uniform laws. He entirely denies the transformation of animals into vegetables, and reciprocally, even in microscopic beings.

#### CEMENT FOR GLASS OR CHINA.

Garlic, stamped in a stone mortar, the juice whereof when applied to the pieces to be joined together, is the finest and strongest cement for that purpose, and will leave little or no mark, if done with care.

#### NEW WORKS.

Canova's Works, complete, 2 vols. imp. fol. 4l. 4s. ; imp. 4to. 6l. 6s.—Robinson's Illustrations of Mickleham Church, roy. 4to. 25s. ; imp. 4to. 2l. 2s.—Rhodes's Peak Scenery, or the Derbyshire Tourist, 8vo. 14s.—Hawker's Instructions to young Sportsmen, 3d edit. roy. 8vo. 30s.—Beauvillier's Art of French Cookery, 12mo. 7s.—The Philomathic Journal and Literary Review, No. 1. 5s.—The Human Heart, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Nichols' Arminianism and Calvinism compared, 2 parts, 8vo. 20s.—Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, Vol. IV. 18mo. 8s.—Preston on the Law of Legacies, 8vo. 14s.—Woolrych on the Law of Rights of Common, 8vo. 14s.

The compilers of the Percy Anecdotes having announced a Collection of Histories of the capitals of Europe, have commenced their design with the *History of London*. It appears to be a collection carefully made, of the most interesting facts which are to be found in the various Histories of London, to which are subjoined details relative to its present state. The materials of the work are, therefore, unexceptionable, but it chiefly recommends itself by the neatness and elegance of its typography, and particularly by some highly-finished engravings by Cooke, made after drawings by Neal. If the other capitals are exhibited in as good taste, the work will be an acquisition to our cabinet libraries.

A contribution to military history has been published in the *Journal of an Officer, written during the Siege of Quebec, in 1775-6*. The narrative is circumstantial and very interesting, and it is enriched by notes, a supplement, and preface, by Mr. Short, who in spite of circumstances, continues to call the Americans revolutionists and rebels. We cannot wonder that the Journal should be mingled with such feelings, but the sentiments of the editor are not in keeping. He does not seem to be aware of the maxim, that no glory can be gained in a war which is not both just and necessary.